

Incorporating the
Australian Home Budget

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

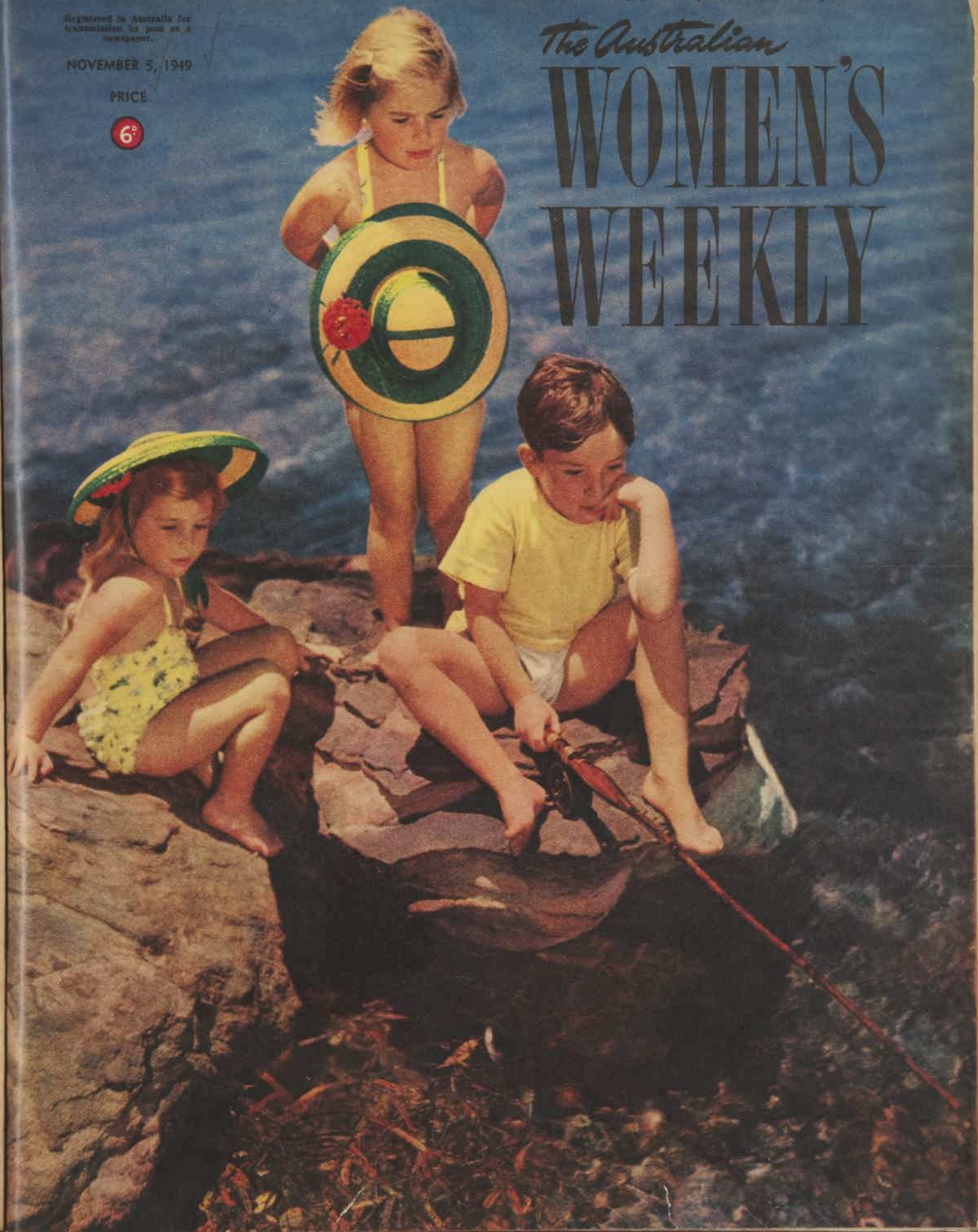
NOVEMBER 5, 1949

PRICE

6^d

Over 700,000 Copies Sold Every Week

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**



Of course
we need
this extra
nourishment!

COUNTLESS thousands of mothers have solved the problem of keeping children fit and healthy by giving them daily cups of delicious Fortified 'Ovaltine'. Taken regularly, delicious Fortified 'Ovaltine' provides every nutritive element required for strengthening the entire physical and nervous system. For in addition to Nature's finest foods — Malt, Milk and Eggs — 'Ovaltine' is Fortified with EXTRA quantities of Vitamins A, B, D, Iron and Calcium. EXTRA Vitamins to build up body, brain and nerves. EXTRA Iron and Calcium for healthier blood and stronger bones and teeth. Make no mistake . . . 'Ovaltine' results are obtained only from 'Ovaltine'. Start your children drinking their health in Fortified 'Ovaltine' — today.



DRINK Fortified
'OVALTINE'

PRODUCT OF
A. WANDER LTD.,
DEVONPORT TASMANIA

AND NOTE THE DIFFERENCE



At Chemists and Stores:
8 oz. tins 2/6; 16 oz. tins 4/6.
Prices slightly higher in country areas.

NP-YF153

The UNPOSSESSED

By... 1949
NANCY BARNES

MICHAEL THORNE finished the last Chopin nocturne, and rose to make the quick Continental bow that was so exotic in Midland. The audience spattered applause, and his annual concert in the town was over.

Michael's dark eyes found and settled upon the bright face uplifted to him from the second row, and his interest leaped. She's like a little candle, he thought, amused, as he gave her a special smile.

He made his way through the audience, stopping now and then to greet his father's old friends, his progress surely, if unobtrusively, in her direction. The hunting instinct, never long dormant in him, stirred as he paused beside her, turning inquiring eyes upon Mrs. Hubbard, who pursued him, panting.

"This is Sophie Campbell," Mrs. Hubbard said, her inflection as nicely calculated as if she said, "This is only Sophie Campbell," and Michael instantly realised the girl's total unimportance in the Midland social scheme, but he smiled warmly. After all, a man couldn't be perpetually thinking of his future.

He revised his candle simile as the girl held out a thin hand. Her narrow face with its high cheekbones had the translucence of fine china, her teeth sparkled, her hair shone.

She isn't a candle, he thought, not listening while she said, "Simply marvellous," and other inanities. You can't trim and shine a candle. She's like a little lamp, all polished and glowing.

As she walked ahead of him up the aisle, he saw that she was no taller than a child. But how alive she is! he thought. The heaviness with which the Midland matrons always afflicted him began to lift and float away.

"You made my spine shiver," Sophie Campbell said.

"I'm sorry." He wondered if his crooked smile would engage her as it had older and wiser ladies.

"Oh, it was nice," she assured him. "I get that way when people are good. My spine isn't ever wrong."

He could, she admitted, walk home with her, and she waited while he said good-night to the ladies most responsible for his concert.

"Because I can walk, now that I found my shoe," Sophie remarked, as they started off in the clear moonlight. "I'm not used to shoes, only Maud lent me these because she's sick of me wearing barefoot sandals."

Michael laughed and, as she said, "Here's where I live," he stooped and kissed her lightly, out of a perverse desire to hear her shocked protest. But she said "Oh!" and that was all. They stopped at the porch of the shabby house.

"Why barefoot sandals?" Michael asked idly. It was, he realised, the first words he had uttered since they left the hall.

"Oh, because my uncle had a whole case of them when his store went broke. There's not much fit to barefoot sandals. I couldn't afford shoes and stockings, so I pretended I was a girl who liked her comfort. But I'm saving up for shoes now that my library course is paid for. Soon I can maybe buy a hat too."

After that he used to call for her most afternoons at the library. She was enchanted with the long roadster Ted Dawson had lent him for the summer, and informed him that all the girls in town were jealous of her.

One day, curled on the end of the old sofa in the sitting-room at his boarding-house, she told him about her early life.

"My father and mother died when I was little and I had to work for my board at Aunt Ella's and I never had any decent clothes and the kids laughed at me. So you see, it's always been sort of me-against-the-town. When Aunt Ella died, the Ladies' Athena Club lent me money to take a library course. So now"—she grinned at him—"now I'm that poor little Campbell girl who is so deserving. Unless you ruin my reputation. And that might be interesting. I'd be a woman-with-a-past—"

"You're a fool," he told her, kissing the tip of her nose and returning to his practice.

Sophie had, oddly enough, the gift of



repose. She could sit for hours, merely listening, her gaze distant. His interminable scales or the monotonous repetition of a phrase never seemed to bother her. It's because she has neither sense nor temperament, Michael decided, grinning across at her.

She wasn't like anyone else at all, Michael thought. She was plain, she hadn't any mind, but she was, at the least, a refreshing change from the sultry females who seemed always to be falling in love with him. And

she was the first person he'd ever found who could leave him alone and yet not lonely.

She accepted his light kisses happily. She seemed enchanted to be with him. But she did not cling. She made no demands. It was restful. It was free. It was exasperating.

"Don't you ever wonder if I'll come back

"You look like a fashion-plate," Michael told her warmly.

to-morrow?" he demanded one night when she'd said, "Bye, darling," and run up the porch steps of her boarding-house.

"Oh, but you will, won't you?" she said, startled.

"You're too sure of me."

Please turn to page 4

LUX...

So safe!

**Its tiny diamonds give
such fast, gentle
suds... keep
colours lovely
3 times as long!**



LITTLE frocks and suits get grubby during play. But there's no need to worry if you launder them with Lux. Those fine silky Lux diamonds give such fast, gentle suds... keep colours fresh and lovely 3 times as long as when you use strong soaps or harsh washing methods. Your hands will tell you, too, that Lux is so much milder.



*Don't risk
harsh soaps!*

Keep your hands soft and
petal-smooth.
Lux care is gentler.



U.321 WW149

SOPHIE stopped on the top step and, for the first time, he saw her look solemn.

"Oh, I'm not, Michael," she protested. "Only"—she put out a hand and ruffled his hair—"you're too lazy to hunt up another girl when none of us really counts, anyway. You see, you're a genius, dear. So you don't honestly care about anybody but yourself. And if—when—you don't come back, what can I do about it? Things happen, and when you can't help it you just have to take it."

For a moment he wondered if she could possibly have more sense than he had thought. Then he remembered her constant chatter that never by any chance added up, and he dismissed the idea.

It was several nights after this that Sophie insisted upon stopping at a grocery store for some milk. "Heat that and drink it to-night, Mike," she said mildly. "It will make you sleep just as well as whisky."

He was startled. This was the nearest Sophie had ever come to criticism. He had not thought she minded his occasional drinking. She would not mention it to anyone, of course, and, now that the contributions for his New York concert were in the bank, he was safe.

Still, he'd use control, he determined, as he left her and walked home through the scented darkness. Until recently he had almost given up drinking this summer. They had been so gay he had never needed it. But as the time for him to leave grew nearer, he began to be engulfed in moods of depression. He wondered, increasingly, if he might be just another mediocre pianist.

He had long been superstitious as to his bad luck with music. When he was sixteen and would have been sent to Paris for study, the war which prevented it had seemed aimed directly at himself.

He'd studied in New York instead, playing at camps and hospitals.

When he got his year in Paris after all, it seemed to him the Fates had relented. In Paris, living in a world of his own, it was easy enough to look ahead to a brilliant career in the far future.

But now that that future was almost upon him, doubts sickened him, and he sought relief in bouts of drinking.

It was after one of these nights that he woke with a body throbbing like a dynamo. Trying to lift his head, he fell back with a groan and fixed one eye upon the ceiling, which waved and swooped like the canvas of a tent.

Sophie said "Hi," and he sat up suddenly. The resultant crash of whirling pain infuriated him.

"What are you doing here?"

Sophie, wound up in his dressing-gown, came to sit beside him.

"You'd better be glad I am here," she said. "You were perfectly fine last night. You only wanted to jump out the window. Michael, you were perfectly crazy. You kept saying you were no good. The ideal I didn't dare leave you alone. But now, get up, lamb. We've got to hurry or I'll be late for work."

Wincing under the shower, towelling gingerly and shrugging himself into shirt and flannels, Michael gave way to increasing annoyance. Mrs. Tucker wasn't fussy about what went on in her house. But if the better women of the town got wind of it, there'd be trouble. Sophie had no sense.

When he returned she was dressed in the white linen frock that made her look so childish. And if there were smudges under her eyes, Michael was in no mood to notice. He was only conscious that he must have been completely maudlin last night. Being seen at a disadvantage had always angered him.

"Hurry up, Mike, or I'll be late," she said.

He sat down on the edge of the

The Unpossessed

Continued from page 3

rumped sofa where Sophie had slept. "Look, Soph, you go ahead," he said. "I—I don't feel up to it. Besides, it would look bad for us to be seen coming out together."

She stared at him for a long moment and Michael saw surprise, then acceptance in her face.

"Oh, the Committee Ladies," she said simply. "Well, 'bye darling. Lie down till you feel better." And she was gone.

He stood at the window and watched her march down the street, her thin shoulders straight, her feet seeming to walk to music. If she wanted to waste herself upon a heel like him, he thought, what could he do about it?

The trouble with him, he thought moodily, was that he had not the slightest illusion about himself. He was selfish and calculating and not dependable. He made use of his charm. But he was a musician. There and there only he was of some account. And the sooner Sophie admitted it to herself the better.

He and Sophie had one final celebration before he went away. It was the night before he left.

"To-night we buy you a hat," he told her. "We'll be very chic and you shall choose the very best. Nothing's too good for my girl."

"But I won't need a smart hat when you've gone," she demurred. "I hardly ever wear hats, ordinarily."

Her shining hair hung almost to her shoulders and Michael took

*"The man who sees both
sides of a question is the
man who sees absolutely
nothing at all."*

—Oscar Wilde

one hand from the wheel to stroke it gently. He was feeling surprisingly sentimental about leaving her.

"It's a shame to cover up such hair," he said. "But you must have something to remember me by."

Sophie, it seemed, had definite ideas about hats, and her awe as she indicated her choice amused and touched him.

When she tried it on, turning her head this way and that, Michael drew a quick breath of astonishment. The hat was a tiny grey-blue poke bonnet, with a small feather. Against it, Sophie's skin was luminous, her eyes the smoky tint of the feather.

"Oh, do you suppose it is expensive?" she said.

"You look like a fashion plate," he told her casually, but in his mind astonishment grew. The girl had elegance.

"We'll take it," he told the sales-girl.

"And I'll wear it," Sophie announced.

"You look very grand, baby," he said, as they went out of the shop.

She smoothed the quill tenderly. "Oh, Michael, you are so good to me. I don't know what I ever did to deserve you."

There was a street carnival in Clay Centre that night and they rode the merry-go-round, Sophie's precious hat in its box, her hair flying up and down; they mounted high in the Ferris wheel while she screamed with laughter and excitement and clung tightly to him.

With his arms round her, Michael felt his pulses beat faster. To-night, for the first time, she had got into his blood. And, though she seemed not to notice, he saw color mount in her thin cheeks.

Going home late at night, he drove into the shadow of the elms along the river and stopped the car. When he snapped off the ignition and turned, she was in his arms.

"My little love," he murmured, and for once the phrase tarnished by his use seemed right.

When they reached her house she said, "Good-bye, Michael. Good luck, dear," and put up her face, as usual, exactly as if they were to see each other to-morrow.

It was Michael himself, never able to resist dramatisation, who said, "It's good-bye for quite a while, sweet. It's been fun, hasn't it?"

He was to remember for some time how her voice sounded when she answered, "It's been heaven."

She stood on tiptoe and kissed his cheek. "Thanks for everything," she said.

That autumn in New York was always to remain in Michael's memory as a time of enchantment.

Gilbert Bradford lent him an apartment off lower Fifth Avenue and he was, since he knew no one, able to concentrate wholly upon music. He rose early, had coffee and rolls, and remained working till mid-afternoon.

After a bath and shave he went forth to walk. Sometimes he tramped across Brooklyn Bridge, turning to stare back at the lighted ramparts of the city he was so soon to conquer. For his confidence was, at this time, surging high. He worked hard with Rosen, proud that the master had reluctantly consented to take him.

It was a time of dreams and yet of mastery; a time, too, of hard-won self-approval.

He met Marcia Gallant at a cocktail-party where he had gone at Rosen's insistence. "Work is good," the old man said. "But it is not good that you see nobody. You will go stale and your concert will suffer."

The concert. Always they thought of that. Even this afternoon Michael thought about his concert. Then someone said, "This is Michael Thorne, Mrs. Gallant," and he looked up to see a woman, adorned in furs, whose brown-flecked hazel eyes met his—and held them.

"We hear great things of you, Michael Thorne," Mrs. Gallant said.

Her gaze plunged into his with a conscious recognition of adventure. When Mrs. Gallant left he fell into step beside her and they walked half across the park in the light-spangled dusk, engrossed in the game of getting acquainted.

Sophie, who had lived in his mind like the cosy singing of a small tea-kettle, who had pattered along beside him in his walks, so tangibly there that it had seemed redundant to write to her, Sophie melted away like a friendly mist in the heat of his intimacy with Marcia.

Marcia had all the patter of the sophisticates at her tongue's end. And Marcia was important as well as amusing. Giles Bernstein, whom he met at her house, and whose music criticism set the taste of the town, was even more important. The bureau had completed arrangements for his concert. It would help to have her friends in his audience.

Michael, pleasantly conscious of himself every minute, was having a whirl. And he loved it.

Late afternoon before Marcia's fire, where they could talk softly while he held her fingers, kissing them now and then, became their accepted time. Sometimes he played for her, and her comments were always complimentary.

"You're superb," she told him. And Michael found it pleasant to believe her.

Please turn to page 26

POINT OF NO RETURN

By H. VERNOR DIXON

CAPTAIN DES ALLEN glanced down at the lead-grey expanse of the Pacific, seven thousand feet below, then bent his head slightly to one side to listen to the dull synchronised beat of the four powerful engines.

His eyes swept over the dials and gauges of the instrument panel, his brain making a split-second tabulation and summing-up the answer that everything was satisfactory. Routine, he thought. Manila-bound, and there was no longer any romance in it.

He looked over at Kelly, the co-pilot, and a smile tugged briefly at his lips. Kelly, as usual, was improving himself. He was hunched over charts, protractors, computers, and slide rules, working out some problem or other with which he would eagerly bore everyone when they landed in Manila.

But still you can't blame the kid. You had to have seniority to get ahead, but to make it stick you needed knowledge. Kelly would make it stick. Nice boy.

Des felt a hand on his shoulder and twisted about to look into the bland countenance of Wally, the navigator. Des' eyebrows raised in a question.

Wally said, "Correct eight degrees south. We seem to be picking up a drift." "Strong drift?"

"Not yet. Got a hunch, though, it may be stronger. I've been in touch with three meteorological stations reporting some sort of disturbance brewing up. We seem to be in the blank area. No traffic round here."

He handed a slip of paper to Des with their present charted position and said, "We're at P.N.R."

Des nodded and turned away from him to look through the windshield. There was an odd smudge low on the far horizon, but so far it was meaningless. Point of no return, he thought. Point of no return. As often as he had heard and used the term he had never quite got used to it. There was something so final, so irrevocable about it that it never failed to tighten his stomach muscles. Actually, he could now return to port of departure, but beyond this point there could be no return.

He switched the fuel gauges on and off, checking the tanks, then turned to tell Wally over his shoulder, "We'll go on."

"Naturally," Wally yawned and slapped his shoulder. "I'll give you another check in half an hour."

Des made an eight-degree correction south, turned the ship over to "George," the automatic pilot, and slumped back in his seat. His eyes half closed and his mind's eye was instantly in the aft cabin, in the galley.

Ann would be standing there in her neat blue-grey uniform, probably making coffee or fussing with some sandwiches for the hungry passengers. Busy Ann. Always on her feet, never a chance to sit down and rest, forever hovering over her passengers like a mother hen with a mess of chicks. Patient Ann.

But even her patience could run out, as it had on this trip. She wanted an answer and she expected to get it before they landed.

That had been her ultimatum and she had meant every word of it. And Des did not have the answer. He knew he was still stalling, as he always had, but even so, she should give him more time. Yet he knew with positive certainty that time had run out, as had her patience.

He swore under his breath, got to his feet, and told Kelly, "I'll be back in a little while. Don't run into any mountains." Kelly looked over the empty wastes of the ocean and chuckled. Des walked back to the passengers' cabin.

Some of the passengers glanced up and smiled comfortably at sight of their captain. He was a tall, spare man, with deep lines in his face, eyes narrowed into a perpetual squint. The mere sight of him gave confidence to the squeamish and comfort to the seasoned travellers.

Des felt the ship tremble slightly under his feet and stood there a moment lost in the thoughtful awareness of a man who has spent his life in close contest with the elements. He felt a sharp drumming of the wings and a wave of vibrating metal, and then the plane was again ploughing smoothly through the air.

Probably, he thought, just a sudden wind shift. But why so sudden?

He made a quick estimate of the useful and pay loads. As far as the nineteen passengers were concerned, they were travelling light, as there was room for forty-four; but the baggage compartments were loaded with heavy cargo and the fuel tanks were still almost half full. Even so, they were light.

There was no reason for that brief wave of vibration. He was about to turn back to the cockpit, but his senses told him that everything about the plane itself was functioning perfectly, so he continued down the aisle.

He knew all of the passengers' names, but only a few of them by sight. He nodded at the two businessmen, Reynolds and Johnson, and had to suppress a smile. The two were rivals after old Ling How's Manila export account to the States. That would be a cut-throat business, no matter which one got it. Ling was a cagey character.

Des smiled broadly and paused to say hello to the young Chinese couple, Lee and Lois Wong, and wondered what was the matter with them.

THE Wongs had been married the week before in San Francisco, they were beautifully matched, they were ecstatic in each other's company, and yet—and yet there was something sombre about them. Underneath their obvious happiness was fear.

He passed them to nod at other passengers—the woman travelling with her five-year-old nephew, the two show girls, the Army colonel and the obsequious lieutenant, and then the two Filipinos, Joe and Mario. They beamed at him, flashing their beautifully white teeth.

Anxious to go home, he thought. Probably working in the States for years as busboys and now returning to the Philippines to become citizens of a nation. More power to them.

He reached the galley and leaned against a leather-covered bulkhead to light a cigarette. Ann shoved her coffee cartons and sandwiches aside, and turned to smile into his eyes. "Hi, big stuff."

"Hi, midget."

"Where are we?"

"No return."

She looked up the cabin, saw that no one was watching, and rubbed her cheek against his. She whispered, "This is the trip, Des. Made up your mind?"

"Of course," he said, "I've been thinking it over."

Ann's exclamation was almost a cry of anguish: "Des!"

"Now, no need to look at me that way. A man can't just make up his mind about a thing like that overnight."

"We've been talking it over for three months!" She squeezed his arm and forced him to turn about and look at her. "Des, you know it's ridiculous the way you're stalling. Do you or don't you wish to marry me?"

Please turn to page 28



As Captain Allen glanced back down the cabin at Ann he felt a vague premonition of danger.

WYNNE W. DAVIES



Spring footwear BY BEDGGOOD

Shoes with a sense of purpose as well as prettiness.

Each style made with the infinite
care and beauty characteristic of

Bedggood friendly footwear. Multiple fittings

ensure glove fitting — so

important in good shoes.



Poison in the House

By . . .
A. E. MARTIN

Under Steen's gaze, the bride and groom to be shook hands, eyeing each other defensively.

DOMINEERING REFF STEEN is well pleased when he not only arranges to bring his niece VASHTI STEEN back from Perth to his station homestead, Pelvern, but decides to marry her at once to CHARLIE BATES, a young farmer.

The girl, who was stranded in Perth with a theatrical company, only agrees at the instigation of her dancing partner, SAM SPELLMAN, and is dismayed by gloomy Pelvern, and its occupants, PETE GORRIK, half-witted HOLPER, and JEDIDAH, the housekeeper.

However, she falls in love with STEVE GARVIE, whose property, Huckulitch, has been bought over his head by Steen, and promises to marry him secretly. From Jedidah she learns that Steen was responsible for the death of his young wife, Dulcinea. Because Holper knows of this, Steen is framing evidence to induce SERGEANT BEN LAKE to have him shut away.

Meanwhile Steen arranges for the banns to be called for the marriage of Vashti and Charlie Bates. He arrives at the church with the girl.

NOW READ ON:

REFF STEEN was in the vestibule shaking hands with the warden, introducing him to his niece. The pews were filled, and already many of the occupants were craning their necks for his entrance.

"Full house, Miss Steen," the girl said to herself, and imagined how she would joke about it later when Spellman came.

Then Steen was nudging her, there

was an excited murmuring, and as she entered on his arm there Spellman was! Sammy Spellman, comic vocalist and dancer, looking so absurdly prim and proper in a sombre suit with funeral cravat that she almost laughed.

She was aware that every eye was upon her and that she was the target of a hundred whispered comments as they made their slow and stately progress along the aisle to a front pew. "Really, Miss Steen," she was telling herself, "you should smile and bow your acknowledgment," and abruptly recollected that there was a leading man in this, too.

Following Steen's lead she bowed her head as they seated themselves, taking time off from her prayer for the sly glance the old man had suggested. There he was, Mr. Charlie Bates, sitting, unsmiling, alongside a middle-aged couple, his hair slicked, and a flower in his buttonhole as Ref Steen had ordained.

Behind her, in an inconspicuous pew on the opposite side of the aisle to Sammy Spellman, Detective Sweetacre, sitting next to Sergeant Ben Lake, was muttering, "Well, I'll be blown . . ."

The service was over. The banns had been duly called, and none had risen to declare there was any just impediment, although a mild sensation had been caused when a young woman in a rear pew dropped her handbag at the crucial moment.

Heads had turned swiftly, Charlie Bates had gone white, and Ref Steen's brow registered thunder.

But it was only Nora Kaye, and the parson smiled benignly, glad to see such a wayward one in church at last. Glad, also, to see that rare visitor, Mr. Garvie, who was circumspectly restoring the bag to its owner.

Outside the church Ref Steen introduced his charge to a select few. Under his gaze, the bride and groom to be shook hands, eyeing each other defensively, and Steen said with a broad wink to the smiling people clustered around, "Can't expect young folk to be aught but bashful in company."

He slapped Charlie Bates on the back. "When you call out to Pel-

PART NINE OF A TWELVE-PART SERIAL

vernon Tuesday night we'll have parlor ready for love-makin'."

Everybody laughed as if it were a great joke, and, pleased with the success of his sally, Steen made it an opportune moment for leave-taking.

"Come, niece," he said, as if she were reluctant, "you'll see 'nough of young lover later," and helped her into the buggy. Jedidah was already in the back seat, sitting prim and straight, but as the girl settled herself in front, said out of the corner of her mouth, "To-morrow night . . . seven . . . Silvarella."

Steen was taking the feed-bag from the horse when Ben Lake came up with Mr. Sweetacre, introducing him as a visitor from the city. Mr.

Sweetacre said, "I think Mr. Steen and I have met."

Steen's eyes avoided the little man. "No; ain't never seen you before, mister. Ain't one for cities myself." He addressed Sergeant Lake directly: "You'll be out to see daffie soon?"

Ben said, "There are certain formalities . . ."

"Early next week?"

"Perhaps."

"Sooner the better."

Mr. Bates, sen., claimed Steen's attention and took him aside in confidential conference. Charlie Bates had become the centre of some youthful back-slappers, and Ben Lake approached the girl in the buggy and extended his hand.

"Would like to congratulate you, Miss Steen," he said, "though I'm feeling a little hurt. You see," he grinned, "I'm a bachelor, and I don't think it quite fair for a pretty girl to land suddenly from nowhere and get herself engaged without giving everybody a chance."

She liked his easy manner and the kindly humor in his fine brown eyes, and was glad to note the absence of official hardness about the set of the jaw. She caught Jedidah watching the young man with eager anxiety, and it came back to her in a flash that her preposterous comedy was being played against a background of tragedy.

To-morrow night she'd be married to Steve Garvie, but, before that, Spellman would come and she'd play the farce out for his sake.

He had left the church before

them, moving with Sabbath decorum towards the Dandaloo Arms, a walking-stick in his hand instead of his customary cane, a black bowler of devastating respectability instead of the famous straw hat. He'd dressed the part well, and she had no doubt he'd play it perfectly.

After they'd rung down the curtain there would be no reason why she should stay at Pelvern a moment longer. Yet she found herself reluctant to desert Jedidah. She was grateful to and tremendously sorry for the poor old thing.

Sergeant Lake was holding her hand a great deal longer than seemed necessary, gazing up at her in a manner she would have found embarrassing had her mind not been so occupied. In truth, he was puzzled at her hesitation in replying formally to his congratulations.

A swift glance showed her that a woman had claimed Jedidah's attention, and all at once she found herself whispering urgently, "Mr. Lake . . . I must see you at Pelvern . . . alone. It's . . . it's dreadfully important."

He didn't turn a single red hair. He was still smiling, but she knew at once by the slight stiffening of his body that he'd recognised the urgency of her plea and that he was absolutely dependable.

She felt reassured and relieved when his fingers squeezed hers understandingly. She could only just catch his muttered reply, "To-night . . . ten . . . rear of stables."

Please turn to page 33

This Season's **Cotton Frocks**

THESE TWO FAMOUS BRANDS **"Sally Forth"** AND **"Patolaine"**

carry the P.L.B. Shield guarantee of quality. Ask your favourite store to show you the wide choice of styles and patterns in these gay, smart, delightfully distinctive cotton frocks for summer wear.

YOU CAN ALWAYS TRUST

THE P.L.B. SHIELD

Guarantee of Quality



*wherever it appears as
a label or swingticket*

On display at your favourite store



DISTRIBUTED AND GUARANTEED BY PATERSON, LAING & BRUCE LIMITED

JUST A LITTLE Havoc

BY GLADYS TABER

NO girl should have any trouble making up her mind which man she wants to marry. It is perfectly obvious that one man is the right one, and she should know it.

Bill told Sally so; in fact, if he told her once, he told her a thousand times. Besides, he said, no girl could marry a man called Ernest. "Show me a single magazine story," he said, "in which a girl marries an Ernest."

But Sally said it was Ernest's parents' fault, like Bill's red hair was due to his mother. "And I've read a lot of articles lately," she said, "about not getting married on the basis of romantic attraction. You fill out charts and things: Do you like company? Are you jealous? Have you the same interests?"

"But," said Bill, "you and I—we aren't an article. We're us."

"For instance," continued Sally, disregarding his remark, "have we enough in common?"

"We both like you pretty well," Bill said.

"Only pretty well?" said Sally in mock indignation. "Ernest thinks I'm perfect."

"Ernest is a man without a spine," said Bill.

Several days later they went out for a drive, and Bill cleverly brought into the conversation all they had in common.

"What do you want for your birthday?" he asked. "Besides the engagement ring, I mean."

"Ernest wants to give me a ring, too," said Sally. "And he is giving me a pair of carved ivory figurines that are quite exquisite."

Bill groaned. Ernest had a lot of money. Given him by those same people who had christened him Ernest. Bill was a hard-working vet., whose fees barely covered his endless expenses.

He said now, "Darling, I'd like to give you the Milky Way set in pieces of sky, but what do you really want? Is there any special thing you've wanted all your life but never had?"

Sally began to think, her eyes dreamy. Suddenly she pointed to the side of the road and said, "There! Stop, Bill! That's what I've always wanted!"

"What?" He stopped obediently.

Then he saw the sign: IRISH SETTER PUPPIES FOR SALE.

"That's what I want," said Sally.

Bill said, "But, darling, I've got two cocker spaniels and they're yours—or will be when we get married."

"A setter," said Sally, leaning her cheek on her hand, "the gentlest, noblest, most beautiful, most serene of all dogs. An Irish setter, the color of leaves in autumn—oh, Bill!"

There were thirteen puppies in the pen, some tawny, some fire-engine-red, some burnished copper. They were a mass of legs and tails. Their faces were all eager.

"Good heavens," said Bill, "how

does anyone cope with a litter that size? When Penny had six we were flooded."

Sally was hanging over the fence, her soft hair blowing in the wind. "I'll take that one!" she said, pointing.

"Which one? They all look alike to me," said Bill. "Now with cockers, they're all different."

"That one over there," said Sally. "Look at her sweet, gentle, noble face!"

He tried to get the one she wanted. "No, the other one," said Sally. The trouble was, as fast as he got one, four more were there, too. Finally, Sally managed to hold the girl of her choice.

"Don't put her down or we'll have the whole business all over again," Bill said.

Sally whipped out her lipstick and made a nice X in the middle of the fat stomach. "Now let's go and buy her," she said.

Kathleen O'Reilly rode home in Sally's lap, which she filled comfortably. She sat very still, very grave, saying nothing. At eleven weeks, she was just a nice size to cuddle. Sally cuddled.

"Oh, Bill, you don't know what you've

done for me," she

said, blissfully.

"I'm going to be

tremendously

happy with her."

"She may be a

little trouble at

at first," Bill said.

"Nonsense,"

said Sally. "Look

at your two—they

aren't a bit of

bother."

She kissed the

dog's head the

way Bill wished

she would kiss

him. "She's just

my precious rose,"

said Sally.

Kathleen waved her tail at her mistress, but refused to budge from Bill's knees.

The Australian Women's Weekly
— November 5, 1948
Page 9

Fischer

IN THE FAMOUS *Grafton* ANTI-SHRINK FABRICS!

SMART NEW STYLES BY

Adelyn

Here are four of the newest Adelyns

in Grafton anti-shrink, reflecting the cut, fit and finish for which

Adelyn is famed. Pockets full of chic, necklines full of charm,
smooth flowing lines—sizes to flatter every figure . . . and all in the

lovely Grafton anti-shrink fabrics that cannot shrink •

cannot stretch • cannot fade •

easy to wash • easier to dry •

easiest to iron.



AT ALL GOOD FASHION STORES

Rue Suggests

COTTONS FOR SUMMER NIGHTS

● Midriff dress of spotted cotton, at left, has a full skirt, fitted wide band, and a bra-top made with two big loops threaded with a halter tie of the same material as the dress, forming charming bow.



● White pique makes a huge wrap-over skirt and a bodice with a deep V-neckline that can be pulled wide to give an off-shoulder effect. Scallop could be coarsely embroidered with thick scarlet cotton.

● Deep-pleated, cuffed off-shoulder top and the same pleated effect to stiffen the hemline are important features of the full-skirted sheer cotton printed frock, above right. The waistband is pleated to match.

● The linen frock, top right, has the one-shoulder-bare and one-shoulder-covered look, which is the newest for this season. Striped linen is used for dramatic contrast on the lop-sided neckline, one sleeve, one pocket, and the deep cleverly cuffed hem.

THURSDAY

Decision

*Can orders for
be saved*

*With John
to Cocktail Party*

Vibration

**Two new perfumes
by Goya**

*Decision . . . delicate, floral . . . matching your daytime self.
Vibration . . . glowing, exotic
. . . for the more luxurious you of
after dark.*

*Goya's new fragrances that
mingle and harmonise. Change from
one to the other at a whim . . . or
even wear both together!*

MADE IN ENGLAND BY

Goya

Gift Size : £5.1.3
Handbag Phial : 3/7

GOYA 161 NEW BOND STREET LONDON W.1

Sole Distributors: Roswell Pty. Ltd., 409 Collins Street, Melbourne.

*Why
the best dressed
women choose
clothes in
Royal Seal
materials*

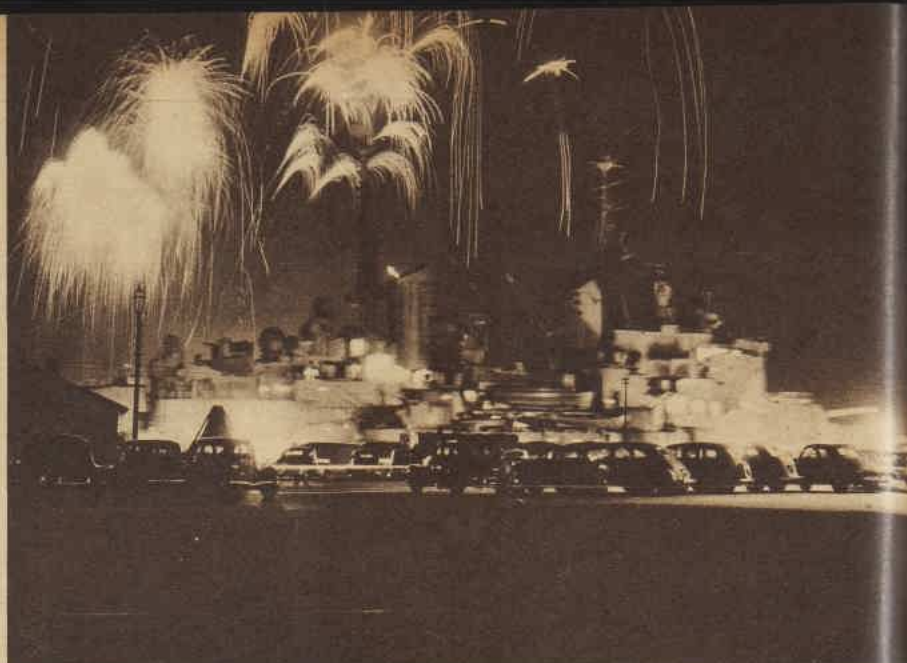
Because "Royal Seal" materials inspire both designer and tailor by virtue of their lovely colourings and superb textures — Look for the label to add distinction to your wardrobes.

Royal Seal

SYMBOL OF FINEST FABRICS

BRITISH MADE

HOLLAND & LEWIS (Ladies' Fabrics) LTD., MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1.
Represented in Australia by:
MR. WILLIAM HECKER, MERINO HOUSE, 37/39 YORK STREET, SYDNEY



SPECTACULAR DISPLAY of fireworks over H.M.S. Vanguard at Capetown on Princess Elizabeth's 21st birthday. Mr. Roy Brock went to South Africa for the Royal tour, and personally supervised displays.

Firm that really IS crackers

Brock's have been making fireworks for 200 years

From our London office

For upwards of 200 years, a Mr. Brock has been associated with occasions of national rejoicing, municipal and family celebration, and, of course, Guy Fawkes Day, in Britain.

This ubiquity of succeeding generations of Brocks arises from their genius in manufacturing fireworks, which have delighted the young in heart from Nigeria to New Zealand.

BROCK'S are the world's most famous firework makers, established some time before 1720, when every self-respecting English town had its Pleasure Garden, and every self-respecting Pleasure Garden had its grand firework display, which the townspeople flocked to see in their thousands.

The firm of Brock's became inseparably associated with fireworks by organising the most spectacular displays at all the most fashionable resorts throughout England.

A current reigning member of the family is Roy Brock, white-haired, spectacled, genial.

He was to visit Australia in the entourage of the King and Queen "to light the way," he told me.

He lit up a lot of darkest Africa with his fireworks on the Royal Tour of that Dominion. And he made the biggest bang at Capetown to celebrate Princess Elizabeth's 21st birthday.

The possibility of a Royal Tour of Australia in 1951 delights Mr. Brock. He is busy thinking up novelties, although no announcement has been made.

Illuminated boxing kangaroos and laughing jackasses were his first inspiration.

He'd fire some Royal portraits, too, as a matter of course. Brock's

are used to outlining Royal faces against the evening skies.

"These portraits are 60 feet high," Mr. Brock told me. "They outline the features of members of the Royal Family in glowing fire. Very impressive."

"I think the most brilliant display of aerial pyrotechnics we have ever done was over the Thames for the London Peace Celebrations after World War II.

"We brought out our heaviest artillery for that. The biggest piece was a mortar measuring 25 inches across, which launches the biggest star shells in the world. We only use this one for something really special. All sorts of different shells go into it. Some just burst with a big bang, and shower down golden stars. Others burst into three showers of different colors—reds, greens, yellows, which subdivide into further varicolored showers.

Won the toss

"I TOSSED up with our oldest hand as to who should fire it," Mr. Brock recalled. "I won!"

The first Mr. Brock in fireworks died on Guy Fawkes Day in 1720, "no doubt as the result of an accident," states the Brock family history cheerfully.

From that time, however, Brock's grew steadily in fame, despite one or two setbacks, like that described quaintly in an old poster dated 1826



FIREWORKERS lower a huge shell into the 25in. mortar, the biggest used by the firm. This may be brought to Australia in the event of a Royal tour.

hanging in the board-room of the company.

In it Mr. Brock respectfully informs the inhabitants of City Road that "in consequence of the heavy loss he sustained in September last, from the unfortunate explosion in his premises, which has nearly annihilated his prospects of providing for a numerous family, Mr. Rouse has, with the sympathy that characterises the man, and does honor to the heart, generously given him (Mr. Brock) the gratuitous use of his commodious ground, to display an exhibition of fireworks."

Since then the business flourished, but it is really through its link with the Crystal Palace that the name Brock in connection with fireworks has become a household word.

The first grand "Brock's Benefit" took place there in 1868. Between then and the destruction of the Crystal Palace in 1936, the Brocks put on over 1500 displays before more than 20 million spectators, including Emperors, Kings and Queens, Sultans, Shahs, and members of almost every royal family.

FIRE PORTRAIT
King George V,
printed from an
untouched neg-
ative. These por-
traits, made on a
frame-work,
are 60ft. high.

GUY FAWKES
started something
with his Gunpow-
der Plot in 1605.
Ever since, he's
been the Guy in
the bonfires on
November 5. Here
young actress Pet-
ula Clark takes
care of hers
on a trolley.



VICTORY DISPLAY in London after World War II. Fireworks were bursting over the Thames. This picture was taken from Halifax House.

job has taken men living in Hertfordshire cottages on a worker's wage to Bolivia, Assuan, Durban, Jamaica, the Sudan, Zanzibar, Canada, all over India, and every European country.

Indians love fireworks. They called Brock the "Fire King of the World."

"Ever since the 'Empress of India' celebrations and Queen Victoria's Jubilee, we have been going out there to light up exhibitions, durbars, coronation festivities," Mr. Brock said.

"How do I make my fire portraits?" said Mr. Brock.

"Well, first of all we bend pieces of cane outlining the features of whoever it is on a vast frame. Then in this cane we stick thousands of slow-burning fireworks, each several inches long, and connected together by a strand of 'quick-match.' You light one end of this 'quick-match' and—Whooooo-sh! in three seconds it's run all over the portrait, and lit it in myriads of glowing points of fire.

"At the Crystal Palace in the good old days we used to have living fireworks; that is, people dressed in asbestos suits and sprouting fireworks all over the place.

Fiery goose

"ANOTHER of my favorite effects is 'The Goose Lays the Golden Egg.' This goose, outlined in fire, waddles on a mechanical contrivance across the ground, stops, and when it gets up and moves off again, there's a magnificent fiery golden egg.

"Maybe for Australia I'll make it an emu.

"Oh, yes, we were often summoned to the Royal Box at the Crystal Palace, and congratulated on the pyrotechnics. We've even been along to Buckingham Palace to put on a fireworks display in the grounds at the King's request. That was for one of Princess Margaret's birthday parties before the war. We have figured quite often in the Court Circular in connection with Royal Birthday celebrations."

Mr. Brock had some advice for the back garden firework display: "Take care. We give clear instructions, but people get very careless.

"Build your bonfire round a sub-

stantial upright—a length of iron barrel or pipe is best, if possible—firmly planted in the ground. Arrange it so there's a good draught from underneath.

"Fix your Guy well up on the upright, so he doesn't topple over the minute the flames begin to take hold. And a crosspiece through the arms gives him a much more imposing appearance, particularly if you stick something like a fountain in his hand, which will light of its own accord, when the fire gets going nicely.

"And put some crackers in the stuffing of his head and a squib or two in his hatband, for a surprise as he nears his end.

"Don't spend all your firework money on the smaller kinds. A few larger types are well worth it, and they should be let off before you start your bonfire so it doesn't diminish their light.

"Don't try to fire your rockets with the sticks pushed into the ground. Launch the smaller ones from a bottle or a flower pot, the larger ones from a stake furnished with two rings, or staples, about as far apart as half the length of the stick.

"Read the instructions on the fireworks outside in daylight, not indoors in front of a fire." (This applies more to Empire Day crackers in Australia, where most fires are outside in November).

Mr. Brock gave me some of the firm's price lists which are fascinating examples of descriptive prose.

Now my desk looks like a pyrotechnic display. It is littered with gaudy catalogues filled with lush remarks about auroras, emerald sprays, Mount Etna's, harlequins, glittering cascades, gold fountains, flower pots, black jacks, bright bursters, thunderflashes, flying dragons, starlights, Roman candles, broncho-busters, catherine wheels. I think I like the Bombshell Repeater best. The catalogue says: "A glorious fountain effect, shooting high into the sky brilliantly colored stars which explode in the air with a vivid flash and a loud report."

Good old Guy Fawkes gave us all this. He might be just a blower-up of Parliaments in the history books, but to children he is a demigod girt about with fiery wonders. To adults he's a yearly chance to throw their inhibitions on a bonfire, and let off crackers.

To the Brock family he is almost a patron saint.

The brilliance and inventiveness of these displays made them accepted throughout the world as the standard of pyrotechnic perfection.

But besides the famous Crystal Palace displays the firm of Brock's have been responsible for the majority of the most notable firework displays that have taken place during the past 70 years in all parts of the world.

The Brock's last brought their pyrotechnics to Australia to stage displays on the showgrounds of the capital cities in the late 'eighties.

The biggest Brock factory is spread over 200 acres of Hertfordshire land near Hemel Hempstead. This is a small, quiet, English village, which has so stoutly resisted the encroachments of a vulgar civilization, that it had its railway station placed a mile or so away over the hills.

Walking around between the little huts spaced well apart over Brock's

land, and protected from each other by screens, I said I supposed that Mr. Brock had come in for a lot of chivvying from people playfully hinting it was his fireworks that burned down the Crystal Palace.

"Yes, I did," he said, ruefully. "Some papers even reported that fireworks were to be seen shooting out of the top. Of course it wasn't true.

"And, as you can see, we take every precaution here. No, we've never had an accident. Our blokes know their jobs.

"Nowadays we fly them to all parts of the world where a display is wanted."

The most curious thing is that fireworks manufacture is a very healthy occupation. The workers in their little two-man huts at Brock's are setting records for longevity. Many—men and women—have been with the firm between 50 and 60 years, filling Roman candles, tamping out the stars that go into the



LOAD OF SHELLS, similar to those used during Royal tour of South Africa.

star-shells, winding and filling catherine-wheels, making the flares that went into aircraft dinghies during the war, turning out Verrey lights and rocket signals.

They are among the most travelled workers in the world. This

N30 "Cocktail"
Ultra Sheer 15 denier all-
nylon with shell foot. As
its name implies—for your
most glamorous moments!
... 21/-

N15 "Cherish"
with a turquoise stripe in welt.
30 denier Medium Sheer all
nylon. A style to be treasured
for your smartest day wear
... 13/9

N10 "Authentic"
A truly authentic 45 denier
all-nylon Service Sheer...
to add superb smartness
to your general wear.
... 13/9

EXQUISITE NYLONS

... featuring Ultra Sheers ... Sheers ...
Medium Sheers ... and Service Sheers!

Prestige presents a superlative range of the most distinguished nylons
... equal to the world's best! You have a choice of 5 exquisite
nylon stockings... each in varying weights and colours... and
the price and style range encourages you to select the Prestige
nylon hosiery which is perfectly suited to the occasion.
Only Prestige can offer you such a selection...
only Prestige could fashion such superlative hosiery.

N20 "Gadabout"
with blue stripe in welt. A 45
denier all-nylon Service Sheer.
You'll be perfectly groomed in
"Gadabout" for general wear.
... 12/6

N25 "Spun Mist"
with cerise stripe in welt. A
20 denier all-nylon. Truly
Sheer for formal wear and
your important occasions.
... 16/6

PRESENTED BY...

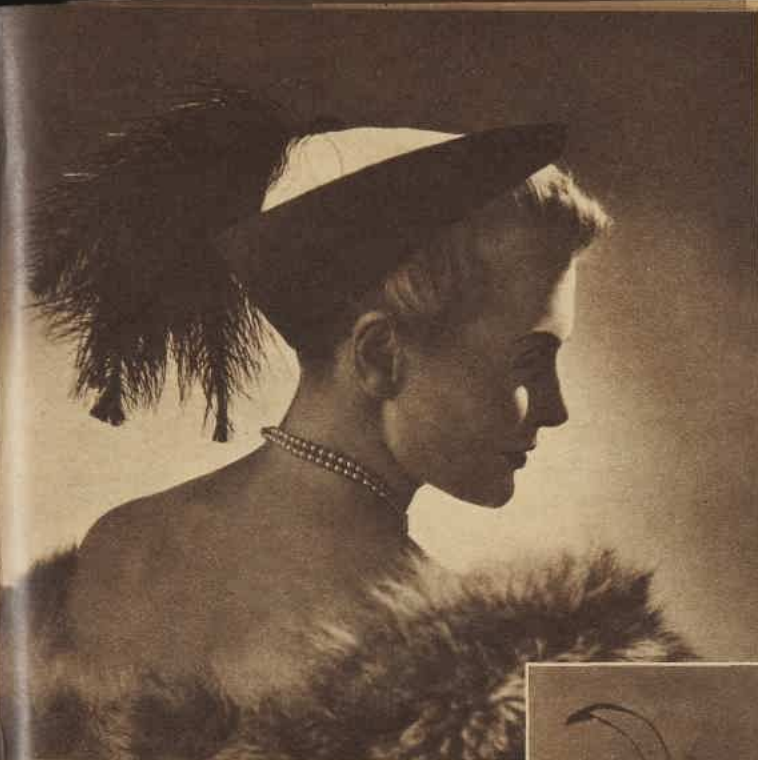
Prestige

It's so easy to identify your Prestige nylons! "Authentic" has
the characteristic Prestige "P" on the welt. "Cherish" has
a turquoise stripe, "Spun Mist" a cerise stripe and "Gadabout"
a blue stripe on the welt. "Cocktail" Nylons are sold in a
delightful box which can also be used for your trinkets.



Also makers of exclusive Lingerie, Brassieres and Fabrics.

All genuine Prestige products are branded Prestige



● Bullfinch brim of black velvet and a cascade of feathers set off the pastel satin pointed skull cap, at left, designed by Domino, of Paris. To add to its gaiety the cap can be worn reversed.

LITTLE HATS

The little hat is first favorite this season for important cocktail, dinner, or theatre occasions, when glamor goes to the head.



● Rose Valois calls this feather skull cap "coco-dette" and makes it of exotic sorrel-green and red plumage. It is light, elegant, and flattering.

● Only the very sophisticated should wear Albouy's dunce's cap, at right. It is made of fabric drawn into an exaggerated peak, with rolled brim. Veil forms trim.



● A flourishing cock's tail gives added height and piquancy to Claude St. Cyr's bronze-green felt cloche, perfectly planned to show off the newest short hair cut.



● Double-faced satin, green one side and sunset-grey the other, is used by Claude St. Cyr to make this nonsensical model with pouted turnover crown.

Read how this remarkable Home Beauty Treatment makes your skin finer, smoother, prettier, in a few days

A smooth, soft, well-cared-for skin makes every face young-looking and attractive. You can make your skin look really lovely with this widely-used home beauty treatment. It's the kind of skin care you could spend pounds on at exclusive beauty salons, but so easy now to do yourself in your own home.

What you do is give yourself a luxurious beauty facial every night with Skin Deep Facial. This entirely new kind of preparation will open your eyes to the natural beauty that lies hidden in your skin. The important new feature of Skin Deep Facial is that it nourishes the deep under-skin; you can tell this at once by the surprising way it goes right into your skin. No elaborate massage is needed; scientific tests show that the skin soaks up 87% more Skin Deep Facial than the average face cream! Skin Deep Facial carries deep into the skin the vital things it needs to keep young-looking.

Just smooth this life-giving beauty cream lightly over your face and neck every night at bed-time. It takes only a minute or so. Skin Deep Facial is so nice to use, because it disappears into the skin quickly and doesn't leave a greasy layer on the surface. And so refreshing! All the tiredness and tautness leaves your skin at once.

Regular nightly facials bring about quite exciting improvements in your skin within a



few days! All signs of roughness, coarseness or patchiness soften away; poor colour and lack of tone in the skin quickly improve. Skin faults are rarely due to age, but to wind and weather, and often to tiredness and nervous strain. Every woman over twenty needs this regular beauty care to keep her skin in its naturally beautiful condition.

Start your home beauty treatment to-night. Thousands of women already use Skin Deep Facial regularly. You can get it at any chemist or store; 5/- for a large treatment-size jar.

Skin Deep
FACIAL

ATKINSONS • LONDON

A.44, W.W.82g



How New!
Rounded shoulder,
wide armhole sweater by
HOLYROOD
Scotland
Obtainable at
most good shops and stores.

Australian Agents:
STUBBS & BOOTLES
Hayward Building, Charles Street,
Adelaide.

Surprise! Surprise!

...when you color-harmonise with Jantzen sun clothes! Seven, eight or nine colors in each of our Jantzen shirts, shorts and slacks . . . many lovely prints in the shirts, too. So let yourself go in matching up colors — be seen in a Jantzen color combination individual to you.

All of Jantzen sun clothes are *man-tailored* to give you a slimming line. They keep that slimming line because they're so carefully finished from imported British crease-resisting rayons and Moygashel. Follow the rainbow of Jantzen color and you'll find what *you* want in any smart store.



HER JANTZEN SHIRT

7 colors in crease-resisting British rayon. Quick-drying shoulder pads. 39/6.

HER JANTZEN SHORTS

9 colors in Moygashel crease-resisting rayon. Concealed slide fastener. Coin-key pocket at waistline. 32/6.

HER JANTZEN SHIRT

7 colors in British crease-resisting rayon. 47/-.

HER JANTZEN SLACKS

7 colors in Moygashel crease-resisting rayon. Concealed slide fastener. Wide hem allows length adjustability. 56/6.

HIS JANTZEN TRUNKS

What a color surprise is coming to him! 5 colors in his water-repellent and San-forised gabardine trunks for swimming, sport or loafing. Built-in cotton supporter. 19/9.

Be attractive while you're active

Jantzen

SWIMSUITS · SUN CLOTHES

obtainable only from retail stores

Sarah Churchill weds London photographer



MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL (centre) with her daughters Sarah (right) and Mary. Picture was taken at a Buckingham Palace investiture when Mrs. Churchill received the Insignia of the Dame Grand Cross of the Civil Division of the O.B.E.

He's been wooing her ever since she sat to him for a portrait

By PETER HASTINGS, of our New York staff

A small, palm-studded, sub-tropical island off Georgia was the scene of the "surprise" marriage of glamorous actress Sarah Churchill to handsome, lanky London photographer Anthony Beauchamp.

The couple were married in a romantic old house surrounded by oaks and magnolias. Only 27 guests watched the 34-year-old auburn-haired daughter of Britain's wartime leader exchange vows with her photographer husband in front of a window overlooking the sea in the direction of home—England.

THE couple were married in a simple civil ceremony conducted by a greying County Judge, Edwin Dart. This was a second marriage for both the actress and her husband.

After the ceremony, at which the bride wore an off-the-shoulder pink blouse with a nut-brown flowered skirt, the wedding breakfast was held in an immense room which had been entirely decorated with tropical flowers and streamers.

In keeping with the romantic atmosphere she cut an enormous, orchid-topped cake while the orchestra, specially brought from the mainland, played Sarah's favorite number, "Bali Hai" — it is a tune from the current Broadway smash musical, "South Pacific."

Amid the cheers of the guests, Beauchamp, a tanned young man of 32, said he had wooed Sarah for the past eighteen months—"ever since she sat for me for a portrait in London, I've been wooing her with paint-brush and camera."

Beauchamp's real name is Ernest Entwistle, and his mother is the well-known London miniaturist and photographer, Vivienne Entwistle.

He changed his name "because mother and I are pretty competitive in our work."

The athletic bridegroom said his family and the Churchills had been friends for many years.

"Yet it's taken all this time for Sarah and me to come together," he

continued. "It's taken a long time for Sarah to make up her mind to marry me, for that matter."

"But the Churchills are a stubborn lot. Anyway, we are married now — this time for keeps."

The couple had one night only on the historic island, where Spaniards made their base in the eighteenth century in an attempt to conquer America.

They left for New York the day after the wedding.

The whirlwind marriage left little time for a honeymoon.

Anthony, who was a British Army captain in World War II, intends to do a number of socialite photographic portraits in New York.

He has also been commissioned by several English magazines to do special photographic work here.

He and Sarah are living at a friend's house on New York's exclusive Park Avenue.

"We are both so busy with our separate careers," said the lissom actress in New York, "that we haven't any time to see each other except at dinner and breakfast."

Important role

HOWARD HOYT, Sarah's enthusiastic theatrical agent, says she'll play the lead again in "Philadelphia Story."

"Sarah's been taking the leading role in that play ever since she arrived in this country last June," he said. But this time she will take the road with leading man Jeffrey Lynn and an entirely new cast under the sponsorship of the American Theatre Guild.

Sarah, who has been playing stock (repertory) companies for the past six months, is very enthusiastic about the chances offered under the new contract.

"She's got a tough, hard tour ahead," said Hoyt. "She's opening at Wilmington, Delaware, in about a fortnight."

"From there she goes to Philadelphia, then Canada, then back to Kansas, then California, including Hollywood. She won't finish the tour until next April."

Both Hoyt and Sarah have been



MARRIED. Sarah Churchill, actress daughter of Winston Churchill, with her husband, Anthony Beauchamp.

contacted by Hollywood companies about film contracts, but "we are choosy," said Hoyt.

"We want to wait until we are sure the right role is offered. There's no use taking any role—it must be the right one."

At present the slim actress has no plans for going to Australia on tour, but "you can tell Australians this," Hoyt said, "there's nothing she'd like to do more."

"We're hoping an opportunity will arise one day soon."

Since arriving in America last June, Sarah has gained a considerable reputation as a serious actress.

At first she was upset because she felt any publicity she received was because she was Winston Churchill's daughter.

But after her performances in "Philadelphia Story" in Chicago and Detroit, the critics began to sit up and take notice. She broke attendance records for Newport and Boston and gained the reputation of being one of the easiest people to get along with in show business in a country where it is considered that actresses have a special prerogative to be temperamental.

Audiences in Norwich, Connecticut, had a special chance to see Sarah display two of her father's greatest characteristics — calmness under fire and a keen sense of humor. While the play was in progress, someone shouted "Fire!" as smoke began to pour into the theatre from backstage. Sarah stopped acting, smiled, stepped to the footlights, and calmly told the audience not to worry.

The fire was put out while Sarah told the audience a number of funny stories, some of which she smilingly admitted were her father's.

Then she and the cast resumed the play where they had left off.

Sarah has gained a great reputation for charm and kindness since she has been in America. She has made a number of friends in the theatre, including Tallulah Bankhead, who says she admires Sarah "because she is so like her father."

Playing in Atlanta, Georgia, Sarah met President Truman's daughter Margaret, who is a professional concert singer. They became firm friends.

According to Howard Hoyt, both President Truman and Mr. Churchill take a great personal interest in their daughters' careers.

Letters to father

MR. CHURCHILL keeps himself up to date on all Sarah's appearances, likes to know what sort of notices she gets.

"They seem to write to each other pretty constantly. They are very close to each other," says Hoyt. "That's another reason why Sarah probably won't remain in America too long after her husband returns to England next year. She'd miss them both too much."

Sarah is the second of the three Churchill daughters, and says she made up her mind to be an actress when she was in short socks.

Neither of her parents (she is most like her mother in appearance)

made any attempt to stop her going on the stage.

She began her career as a chorus girl in the Cochran show "Follow the Sun."

In 1936 she caused a sensation in the English social world by running off to America and marrying the well-known London comedian Vic Oliver, from whom she was divorced in 1945.

In one of her American appearances she did a one-minute toe-dance on a Boston vaudeville bill, in a costume consisting of 18 ostrich feathers.

During the war, when the name of Churchill was an even greater draw than ever, she turned down dazzling film and stage offers to join the W.A.A.F., in which she served until the war ended.

When facing a selection board examining candidates for commissioned rank, a lock of her long red hair fell down and she was sternly instructed to have it cut much shorter.

Her elder sister is Mrs. Duncan Sandys, wife of a Conservative politician, and her younger sister is Mrs. Christopher Soames, whose second baby, born recently, was the sixth grandchild for Winston.

Mrs. Sandys has three children, and there is a Winston Churchill aged 9, who is the son of Mr. Randolph Churchill. Young Winston's mother, formerly the Honorable Pamela Digby, divorced Randolph in 1945.

OUR COVER

OUR cover this week shows a group of children at Palm Beach, Sydney, photographed by staff photographer Jack Hickson, who could not spare the time to wait for the bite they are confidently anticipating.

Shot records scene which will be repeated thousands of times round the coastline as summer progresses.

Editorial

NOVEMBER 5, 1949

SANCTITY OF MARRIAGE

IT has always been the job of British Royalty to set standards of behaviour, by both precept and example. Princess Elizabeth assumed this traditional role in her recent address to 3600 young wives belonging to the Mothers' Union.

She spoke strongly of the havoc wrought by broken homes, and said that no finer service could be performed than helping to maintain the doctrine that the relationship of husband and wife was a permanent one, not lightly to be broken.

"We can hardly help admitting," she went on, "that we live in an age of growing self-indulgence."

This points straight to one of the greatest problems of divorce reform.

As divorce becomes easier and more socially acceptable, there is a growing tendency to turn to it as a solution for troubles that in other days might have been overcome by mutual effort.

This "self-indulgence" is partly the result of the "tomorrow we die" philosophy engendered by two world wars and the uncertainty of life in the years between and since.

People nowadays become impatient of unhappy situations more quickly and, by present standards, feel justified in making another bid for happiness.

Princess Elizabeth called for re-establishment of a wise and balanced code of right and wrong.

That is what is needed. Moderns must learn that their more liberal outlook does not do away entirely with the need for self-discipline.

MELBA: The world was at her feet

BACK in the 'sixties a little girl in a small Victorian town used to sing so constantly round the house that her usually patient mother would cry, "For heaven's sake, child, stop that humming."

That childish voice was to develop into one of the greatest sopranos of all time. It was heard from the concert platforms of the world, and became its owner's curio card into the most exclusive international society of Edwardian days. The voice was Melba's.

But her beautiful voice was not Madame Melba's sole asset.

It was her golden quality, of course, but her abounding vitality, distinguished appearance, good health, and joy of living combined with it to bring her success.

She was a close friend of King Edward and Queen Alexandra. She sang at many Command Performances in England and Europe, and starred in the world's most famous opera houses.

Her famous friends included Gounod, Puccini, and Paderewski (to whom she was once rumored engaged), and her fee for a brief appearance at a private concert was five hundred guineas.

She was introduced to Oscar Wilde, when both were at the peak of their fame. His greeting was: "Ah, Madame Melba! I am Lord of Language and you are Queen of Song, so I suppose I shall have to write you a sonnet."

But Wilde never wrote that sonnet. After his fall, Melba met him in a Paris street. Shabby and hunted looking, he stopped her and said, "Madame Melba, you don't know who I am? I'm Oscar Wilde and I'm going to do a terrible thing. I'm going to ask you for money."

Melba gave him all she had in her purse. He snatched it, muttered a word of thanks, and was gone.

Percy Colson, British composer and author, says of her character:

"It was in some ways masculine, and yet she was the very woman, illogical, capricious, and primitive."

"She could be intensely kind and, to anyone who stood in her way, equally cruel and ruthless. She was a good friend and a bitter enemy. She had abounding vitality and was apt to be impatient with those who could not keep up with her."

Melba once told Percy Colson that her voice was "like a glorified boy's voice."

"She was right," said Colson.

She often said, "I think I must have a specially constructed throat, for when I sing a chromatic scale I have the feeling that it is a keyed instrument and that I am pressing each note down."

Yet she was nearly 30 before she was launched on her career.

Her father was David Mitchell, a Scot who arrived in Australia with only a sovereign in his pocket, worked hard, saved, and invested his

FAMOUS WOMEN

savings in a brick factory, which gave him a fortune.

Her mother was of Spanish descent.

Nellie Mitchell — her baptismal name of Helen was abbreviated to Nellie in early childhood — adored her father.

In her childhood at Steel's Flats, near Lilydale, Victoria, she shared an open-air life with him, riding and fishing.

Yet David Mitchell, although very musical and anxious that his daughter should learn to play the piano and organ well, bitterly opposed her belief that her voice would bring her a musical career.

The Mitchell home was a strict Presbyterian one, and Melba recalled "strict Sundays of gloom and solemnity, in which no one might smile or hum a tune."

After the death of her mother and small sister in 1881, Nellie Mitchell had a holiday in Brisbane with her father, and there met the young man who shared her brief married life.

He was Charles Nesbitt Armstrong, manager of a Mackay sugar property and the charming, well-mannered son of Sir Andrew Armstrong, Bart., of Kings County, Ireland.

They were married in 1882, but the life was lonely. They had little in common with each other, and a year later Melba was back in Melbourne with infant son George, determined to embark on a singing career.

In 1884 Melba sang at a Melbourne Town Hall concert and drew from a newspaper critic the comment: "Mrs. Nellie Armstrong sings like one picked out of ten thousand."

At that time she had never heard a great singer in her life and never

Discouraged in her youth, she was nearly 30 before her career was launched

been to an opera.

But she knew what she had known all her life: With the right training she would be a successful singer.

The first chance for that training came when she accompanied her father to England in 1886. She had auditions with several leading lights in the English world of music, including Sir Arthur Sullivan, but they showed no interest in her voice.

In the autumn of that year she left London for Paris with four-year-old George, a small sum of money, and a letter of introduction to Madame Mathilde Marchesi, the celebrated teacher of singing.

Marchesi immediately recognised the latent beauty of her voice, and when Melba had finished her first song Marchesi called to her husband: "At last I have found a star."

For the next year Melba was one of Marchesi's "most industrious,



MADAME MELBA—one of her favorite portraits.

pliant, and talented pupil." Her father, still dubious about her chances of a singing career, had given her only a little money.

After she had paid for her lessons and rent and food for herself and George she could not afford to buy clothes for herself, and was reprimanded by Marchesi for the ugliness of her only winter dress.

When she began to make money she replenished her wardrobe and saw to it afterwards that she was always fashionably dressed.

Madame Marchesi's salon was famous, and during her year there Melba sang before audiences which included such famous composers as Debussy, Gounod, Lalo, and Ambroise Thomas.

She made her operatic debut as Gilda in Verdi's "Rigoletto" at the Brussels Opera House on October 13, 1887, and was an immediate success. Her contract paid her 3000 francs a month, and the Queen of Belgium attended her next performance and congratulated her on her role of Violetta in "La Traviata."

While she was in Brussels her husband arrived there. But there was no reconciliation. Finally he left, and some years later they were divorced.

Although Melba was later to reign for many years as the Queen prima donna of Covent Garden Opera House, she was not a success when she made her debut there in 1888 in "Lucia di Lammermoor."

Her reception was so lukewarm that she returned to Brussels.

She was persuaded to return to London the following season by the very important Lady de Grey, a leading light in the British social world, a knowledgeable opera patron and wife of the chairman of directors of Covent Garden.

"One of those most anxious for

your return is the Princess of Wales," Lady de Grey told Melba.

In England, under Lady de Grey's patronage, she began her long Covent Garden reign.

She became a member of Lady de Grey's set—the most exclusive in England—and thereafter she knew a life of wonderful gaiety. She was a favorite with the Prince and Princess of Wales, a friendship that continued when they became King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

"How absolutely natural they were, those rulers of England," she once wrote.

"To me, who had been brought up to regard the Kings and Queens as something very much akin to deities, it came with an almost overwhelming shock to hear, for example, the Princess of Wales telling me that she hated to sit next to the Shah of Persia because he used to throw peach stones on her skirt."

"And when one night at Lady de Grey's the Princess came to me and, picking up my poor little pearls, which were not worth more than a few hundred pounds, said softly, 'What lovely pearls! I could have kissed her.'"

One of her best friends was the wealthy, handsome French composer Herman Bemberg. They shared a love of practical jokes, among other things, though once Melba went a little far.

When his opera "Elaine" was produced at Covent Garden he always left his belongings on the only chair in Melba's small dressing-room. One night she cut his hat almost completely round the brim, covered the inside of it with black grease-paint, cut his umbrella so that it would be nothing but rags when opened, and put two eggs in his overcoat pocket. He rushed from the theatre to join Lady de Grey and some friends.

Lady de Grey told Melba that when he arrived his face was like a negro's, his hat fell at his feet when he took it off, leaving the brim in his hand, and in the carriage he sat on the eggs.

Bemberg was not amused. Melba was.

Her humor was not subtle. Beverley Nichols once said of her that "a man slipping on a piece of orange peel gave her more pleasure than the most sparkling witticism."

Having conquered the Continent and England, she went to America in 1893, became the darling of New York's Four Hundred, and was one of the best financial draws the Metropolitan Opera House ever had.

Continued on page 23

New regime in school art

A REVOLUTION in art teaching has emptied plaster casts, rases, and pencil cases out of drawing lessons in most Australian State schools.

Their place has been taken by children's imagination, freedom of expression, and the enthusiasm of teachers trained as art instructors.

Some results of this change — modern child art from the schools of five States — are reproduced in color and in black and white in A.M. for October, now on sale.

It is not easy to say when the new regime in school art began.

Progressive Queensland State Schools threw their old plaster casts on the scrapheap 10 years ago. Victoria began some cautious testing of the new principles in 1941 and adopted them in 1947. New South Wales drew up its new charter for school art in 1945.

The new idea is to encourage children to conceive and express their own artistic ideas. Subjects can be purely imaginary or, more often, drawn from the child's own life and experience.

A.M. is the magazine for men and women. Price is 1/-.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By GUS



PRETTY BRIDE. Adrian Cunliffe and his bride, formerly Jill Calman, leave St. Mark's, Darling Point, after their marriage. Jill is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Calman, of Rose Bay. Adrian is elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Cunliffe, of Bellevue Hill.



AFTER SWEARING-IN CEREMONY at Parliament House, Melbourne, wife of the new Victorian Governor, Lady Brooks, and daughter, Jean, greet Colonel H. A. F. Wilkinson at morning tea party in lovely Parliament House garden. Interstate visitors and Melbourne racegoers will have opportunity of seeing new Governor, Sir Dallas Brooks, Lady Brooks, and their daughter at Cup this Tuesday.



BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION. John Moran escorted pretty Pamela Jennings when he celebrated his birthday with party at Prince's. Pamela wore a pale apricot dance frock.

Intimate Greetings

KEEPING her fingers crossed for a fine day is attractive Elayne Kryger, who will marry Dr. Donald (Oz) Kerr Grant at St. Mark's, Darling Point, this Friday.

Elayne's main reason for wanting the rain to stay away is that reception is to be held at home of her parents, the Gillie Krygers, of Darling Point. More than 200 guests, including members of the Kerr Grant clan and Adelaide friends, will be entertained in marquees erected on lawns of the Kryger garden.

"Just can't imagine what we'll do if it does rain," says Elayne, who tells me wedding gown and bridesmaid frocks for wedding are being kept secret until the day.

Bride-to-be will have three attendants, Mrs. Stephen Mayne, Betty McIntosh, and Margaret Whitford.

Oz, who is second son of Sir Kerr and Lady Kerr, of Adelaide, will be attended by Lieut.-Commander Ron Major, R.A.N., of Perth, Dr. Colin Gurner, of Adelaide, and his brother, Colin Kerr Grant, also of Adelaide.

Oz is attached to Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, so couple will make their future home in Sydney, and are delighted to have secured a flat in Macleay Street for at least a few months while they have a further house hunt.

SOUTHPORT honeymoon for Rex Baker, of Mosman, and his bride, formerly Gwen Dennis, of Junee, who were married recently at St. Phillip's, Junee. Both Rex and Gwen are well-known members of Mosman Musical Society.



JUST BACK FROM ENGLAND. Patricia Whiteman (third from left) dines at Romano's at dinner party given by her parents, Dr. and Mrs. R. J. Whiteman, of Edgecliff. Captain G. I. D. Hutchison (left), Mrs. Jim Yeates, Dr. Yeates, and Janet Ploewman were among guests.



HONEYMOON in Italy for Mr. and Mrs. Colin Munro, who leave St. Martin's, Killara, with Bianca Bianchi, sister of bride, and Sir Hugh Poynter. Annamaria is eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Giuseppe Bianchi, of Killara and Italy. Colin son of Sir Hugh Munro and Lady Diana Kemp-Welch, London.



APPEALING FOR FUNDS. Committee members of the University Women's Grassy Hall appeal committee, the University of Sydney. Mrs. Roy McKerrigan (left), Mrs. S. H. Roberts, Miss Helen Aspinall, and Mrs. E. Roper meet to discuss reception to be held on November 10 in Great Hall.



RHODES SCHOLAR. "Jiko" Travers and his wife return to Sydney after four years in England. The Traverses brought their two children, Susan, aged six, and Christine, aged two.

ALSO with her mind on the weather as regards her wedding is vivacious Judy Swanton, who sails in Oracles for London and then to Stockholm for her wedding with Brodie Knight on December 19. "It will be wintry for my wedding," Judy tells me, "so I have chosen copper beech French velvet for my late-afternoon frock, which I'll wear with brown and gold accessories."

Brodie, who is son of Mrs. Knight, of London, and late Captain C. M. Knight, is attached to Anglo-Italian Oil Company, and is at present stationed in Stockholm, so Judy expects to make her home there. Judy says there will be only about 30 guests at wedding, and the only two she will know are her husband-to-be and his mother, who is going to Sweden for ceremony. Judy's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Cedric Swanton, of Double Bay, will not be able to be present at the wedding.

DELIGHTED to be back in Australia are Mr. and Mrs. Walter Zenger, jun., who flew out by Pan Air with baby daughter, Susan Patricia. Mrs. Zenger before her marriage was Patricia Howard Wright, of Merewether, Newcastle. Couple plan to make home in Australia.

COOLING off at Prince's see Mrs. Jack Sinclair and her daughter, Mrs. Sam Osborne, lunching together with Mrs. Grif Tait, of Gungahgungwah, Goharalong. Lindsay and Daisy are down in Sydney to outfit young sons with school uniforms for Tudor House. Lindsay stays with her mother, Mrs. Sinclair, before returning to home, Redbank, Harden.

BABY daughter for Honor and John McDonald, of Cliftlands, Seone. Honor, formerly Honor Kater, second daughter of the Charlie Katers, of Gumpian Hills, Seone. Couple have other daughter, Phillipa.



WED IN MELBOURNE. Administrator of Northern Territory, Mr. Arthur Driver, and his bride, formerly Mrs. Marjorie Driver, at reception at Menzies. Bride is widow of Flight-Lieut. Harry Driver, cousin of the bridegroom, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Leighton, of Wedonga, Victoria. Couple will live at Government House, Darwin.

TAMWORTH CUP meeting held for first time for 10 years this Tuesday to correspond with Melbourne Cup meeting. Meeting is held on new racecourse at Gunnedah as Tamworth hasn't course at the moment. Guests arriving from near and far, president of Tamworth Jockey Club, Mr. P. G. Smith, tells me, and grand roll up is expected this Tuesday and for meeting to be held again this Wednesday.

Lots of gaiety in Tamworth on Cup Night, after-races, planned, and Mrs. Bill Moses, wife of president of North and North-west Racing Association, invites few friends in to drinks at homestead, "Gunnible," Gunnedah, after Cup meeting. Her house-guests over meeting are the Fred Moses, of Valais, Willow Tree, and the Henry Moses, of Moree.

BRIEFLY: Coming-of-age party for Mary Messiter at Merrybyn, Bellevue Hill, when her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Messiter, of Dover Heights, entertain 70 guests. . . . Helen Robinson is hoping for grand roll-up of ex-Awas at A.W.A.S. reunion, which will be held at Grace Auditorium on November 9 from 6 p.m. till 9.30 p.m. . . . November wedding planned by Betty Barwick, of Willoughby, and Alan McGilvray. Couple will be married at St. Stephen's, Willoughby, this Saturday.

NEWS from London from Ann Hurley tells me she commences fellowship in history at London University after holiday in France with fellow Australian Maiva Crompton. Ann and Maiva, with Ann's sister, Mimi, and Nancy Fewtrell, share flat together. Mimi has joined Bank of New South Wales, Berkeley Square, London. Ann recently announced engagement in London to Richard Bennet, a Fleet Street journalist.

Joyce

Mountains of suds to do mountains of dishes! NEW RINSO BEST FOR EVERYTHING

NO MORE TROUBLE
WITH GREASY PLATES
WHEN NEW RINSO'S
ON THE JOB



RINSO HAS
THICKER
RICHER
SUDS

SEE WHAT
RINSO
DOES FOR
YOU!

NEW RINSO
IS THE SUDS CHAMP.
THAT GREASY
TOP-OF-THE-WATER SCUM
HAS GONE FOR GOOD

ONE LOT OF WATER
DOES ALL THE WASHING UP—
FROM TUMBLERS TO SAUCEPANS.
NEW RINSO IS A REAL
SPEED-MERCHANT

IT'S A SENSATION
IN THE LAUNDRY.
RINSO WITH NEW MAGIC IN ITS
SUDS WASHES CLOTHES
BRIGHTER THAN BRAND-NEW

NEW RINSO IS USED BY MORE WOMEN
THAN ANY OTHER WASHING PRODUCT IN THE WORLD

NURSE'S TRAVELS—



CYCLE was faithful friend to Dorothy Barber, who is seen with it against a background of snow in Canada.

Bicycle solved her transport problem, became mascot

By BETTY WILKINSON, staff reporter

If you want to see the world, train as a nurse and learn to ride a bicycle.

This is the advice of Dorothy Barber, of Yass, N.S.W., who is home again after travelling all over England, Scotland, the United States, and Canada, with the help of her nursing certificate and her faithful old English bicycle, lovingly christened by her "M.G."

TALL, striking-looking, 35-year-old Dorothy made up her mind to travel, and did her training at the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, Sydney, as a means to that end.

But not even in her most optimistic dreams did she visualise the ten years of adventure that this training was to bring her.

Those ten years have included work on Britain's largest dairy farm as a land girl, civilian nursing in London through the blitz, training as a specialist eye nurse at the famous Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorfields, six months on the staff of the New York Medical Centre, and a year in Canada, nursing and cycling over every inch she could of the Rockies.

She had been back in Australia only a month when she received a cable from a famous eye surgeon, who met her at Moorfields, to ask if she would be his social secretary during his month's stay here.

In that month Dorothy motored with the surgeon and his party through thousands of miles of Australian bush, and has had the pleasure of showing all that is best in her own country to the visitors.

The surgeon, Dr. Eric Henry, was formerly in practice at Toowoomba, Queensland, but it is 25 years since he was last in Australia, and so pleased was he with the tour Dorothy arranged that he plans to return in two years.

"I've so enjoyed being a tour organiser," says Dorothy, "that I'm not at all sure I won't take to that for a while instead of nursing."

"Of course, it was partly my nursing that got me the job with Dr. Henry, as he is not very strong and wanted someone with him who could attend him professionally if necessary."

When Dorothy left Australia in 1939, she had saved out of her nurse's salary enough to pay her fare to England and keep herself for six months. Then she expected to come home.

But war broke out just as she com-

pleted a tour of the Continent, and Dorothy decided to "see it out" in England.

She was so impressed by the urgent request for girls to work on the land that she chose as her first war work her job as a land girl on the dairy farm at Shipton-under-Wychwood, near Oxford.

But civilian nurses were needed desperately so Dorothy went back to her own profession.

"It was because London transport was so hopeless during the bombing that I bought my bike," she said. "I rode it everywhere, and bikes were so precious that even at the smartest hotels like the Dorchester the commissionaire would solemnly take charge of my machine and take it in through the great swing doors."

"So many bikes were being stolen that you could not leave them in the street. I used to chain mine to railings, but some thieves were not even stopped by that, as they took railings and all."

"Quite apart from its usefulness in getting me around London to do my job, my bicycle provided recreation. Every time I had a few days off I would board a train into some part of the country, and cycle about, letting the beauty and peace of the countryside sink in until war-torn London seemed like a dream."

"I got myself into one bit of bother through my journeyings. I was working at a village cottage hospital at the time, and two policemen arrived to inquire into some film I had left to be printed at the local chemist."

The other nurses there called me "Sister Australia," and were all agog when I was

marched off to the station by the police. I had had prints made from the film without any trouble, and the pictures proved to be innocent enough, but those village police were sure I was a spy."

During the last year of the war Dorothy specialised in eye nursing, and for a year after that she continued to be on call for work at Moorfields, and did private work with Harley Street eye specialists.

Some of the contacts she made through her London work proved invaluable. Dr. Ida Mann, only woman Professor of Ophthalmology in England, was specially good to her, par-

Saved her fare

She worked her way round world



SCOTLAND was one of the places Miss Barber explored on her cycle when her duties permitted.



NEAT and businesslike in her nurse's uniform in America, Miss Barber made the most of her training there.

ticularly in recommending her for the staff of the New York Medical Centre, when she decided she would like to do six months' training there.

"She wrote about me to Professor Dunnington, head of the Eye Institute at the Centre, so that he made the necessary appointment," said Dorothy.

"She knew what a magnificent experience it would be for me.

"It was unthinkable that I should leave my bicycle in London, for by this time it was more than a means of transport—it was my mascot.

"I was crossing to America in the Aquitania, then partly a troopship, and was told freight on the bicycle would be £8-30 dollars in those days.

"It sounded like a fortune to me, so I went again to the company, got a more sympathetic hearing, and was told it would be possible for it to go for 30/-. Then the clerk asked if I was a nurse, and if it was a nurse's bicycle.

"When I answered yes, he said: 'Look, take my advice, don't pay anything. Just walk up the gangway with your bike and no one will say



MISS DOROTHY BARBER, who trained at the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, Sydney, and who has been abroad for ten years.

a word.' And that was exactly what I did.

"I cycled all over New York, and all the money I saved on fares I was able to spend in seeing the country. Whenever I was off duty I was cycling somewhere."

When Dorothy's six months were up she crossed to Canada and joined the staff of Toronto General Hospital as a specialist eye nurse.

"From there I went to Calgary General Hospital, right at the foothills of the Rockies," she said.

"I had the most wonderful reception, and am sure I was so much in favor because our Air Force boys had been so popular there, while they were training during the war. Every place I went had some association with the Australian boys, and the approval the people felt for them led to the wonderful time I had as a wandering Australian."

At Calgary, Dorothy was only 80 miles from the heart of the Rockies, and she spent all her time off duty cycling in summer, skiing in winter. "I wanted to count every rock," she said.

Dorothy's cycling in the Rockies led to a strange encounter.

A wealthy Californian woman, Helen Armitage, famous in America for the making of exquisite miniature musical furniture, was travelling through the mountains in her luxurious car.

She noticed the Australian girl on several of her cycling trips, and was so impressed with her energy and enterprise that she asked to be introduced.

"And that led to my being invited

to stay with her at Altadena, Los Angeles, on my way home, after six months on the staff of the Royal Jubilee Hospital, Victoria, British Columbia.

"Helen is an artist in the making of tiny clocks, which work perfectly, and pianos and musical chairs. Paramount have made a film of her at work, which I believe is to be released in Australia soon.

"Helen Armitage was only one of scores of friends my bicycle made for me. Even the doctors at the New York Medical Centre were impressed by my riding it through New York traffic, and it made them think I must have something to me.

"Of course 'M.G.' has come home with me. When I flew across from New Zealand the bicycle was shipped in a freighter, and it came all the way in the captain's cabin."

The marvellous time Dorothy had in America was partly due to Sir Leonard Paton, whose daughter she had nursed in England. Sir Leonard is a director of an English company with branches all over the world, and he arranged to have Dorothy met, wherever she went, by representatives, who took her sight-seeing.

"I've got friends all over the place, and I can go back any time I like to England, Scotland, or the States.

"Helen Armitage is very anxious for me to go and stay with her, and I may do that before long.

"But just now I'm wanted here. In fact, I'm off to stay with my uncle, Mr. F. J. Graham, on his property, Bongobongo, Adjungbilly, New South Wales, to do what I can to help the family during the busy days of shearing."

Keep Cool . . . in Hoyle's Super Merriespun

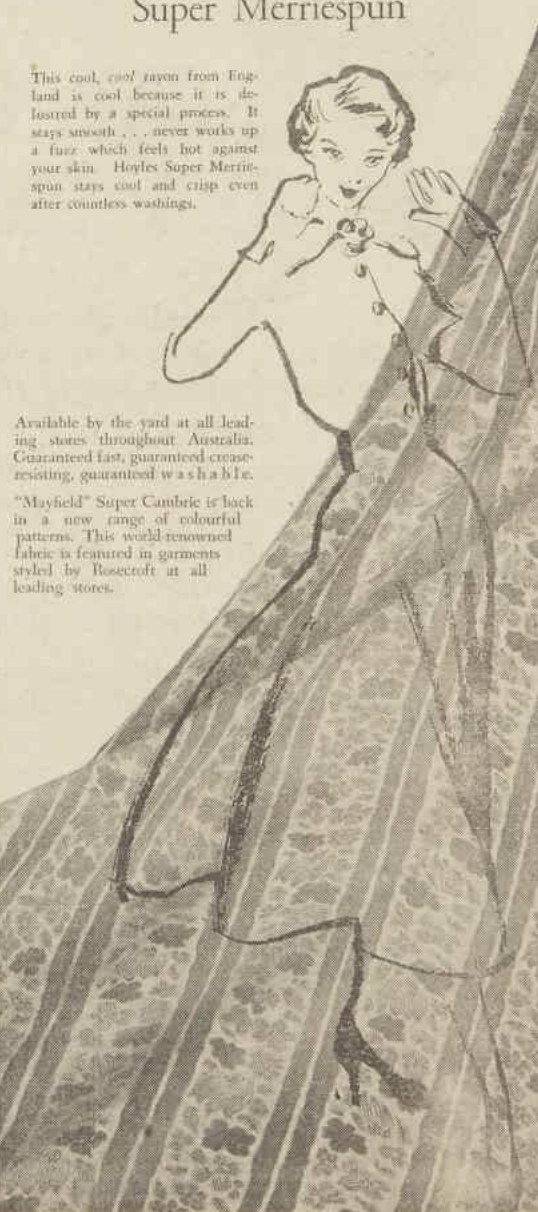
THE COOL CRISP RAYON FROM ENGLAND

This cool rayon comes in patterns so crisp and brilliant you can use it for your most dashing frocks . . . for evening dresses . . . for those super-smart casual cocktail frocks that you might wear to a buffet lunch or seaside party. Oh, they're so smart! So inexpensive, too, that you can afford it for your simplest house frocks. Say farewell to fuzz. Keep cool in

Hoyle's
EST. 1782
Super Merriespun



This cool, cool rayon from England is cool because it is de-lustrated by a special process. It stays smooth . . . never works up a fuzz which feels hot against your skin. Hoyle's Super Merriespun stays cool and crisp even after countless washings.



Available by the yard at all leading stores throughout Australia. Guaranteed fast, guaranteed crease-resisting, guaranteed washable.

"Mayfield" Super Cambric is back in a new range of colourful patterns. This world-renowned fabric is featured in garments styled by Rosecroft at all leading stores.

★
THE PROOF IS
IN THE ACTUAL
RECORD OF
THE YEARS...

ONLY LABOR

CAN GIVE AUSTRALIA GOOD AND PROGRESSIVE GOVERNMENT

- ① *The Liberal-Country Party Government failed you in the War. Labor took over the job and successfully led Australia out of its peril.*
- ② *The Liberal-Country Party Government gave you Mass Unemployment. Labor gave you Full Employment.*
- ③ *The Liberal-Country Party Government gave you no Social Services worth the name. Labor has launched a full-scale Social Security programme.*
- ④ *The Liberal-Country Party Government had NO foreign policy. Through the United Nations and British Commonwealth, Labor is taking part to obtain a just and lasting peace.*



Don't let the sheer weight of Anti-Labor's false and misleading propaganda blind you to the real issues. The financial interests backing the Anti-Labor parties have made vast sums available for this purpose in a desperate attempt to unseat the People's Government.

Think Labor . . . Talk Labor . . .
Work for Labor . . . and

VOTE LABOR

Guides young pianists to fame

"Privilege to teach," says noted concert artist

Developing young pianists for the concert platform is the life work of visiting American Mrs. Djane Hearst, who gave up her own career as a concert pianist to make an even greater name for herself as a teacher.

That was 20 years ago, but then, and now, she regards teaching as the greatest of privileges, one of the greatest joys, and at the same time a grave responsibility.

FORCEFUL and vivacious, she looks on her work as her greatest interest in life, but it is by no means the only one.

For several years she had toured Europe and America, playing in Berlin, Paris, London, New York, and other cities, before deciding that she had a vocation for teaching.

In Sydney on a flying visit to see her son, his Australian wife, and two grandchildren, Mrs. Hearst, when interviewed, was wearing beautiful black satin and gold brocade Chinese lounging pyjamas.

Her son Tristan has settled in Australia with his wife, the former Helen Herz, daughter of the late famous orthopaedic surgeon, Dr. Max Herz. Mr. Tristan Hearst's father was the half-brother of Dr. Herz.

As she fingered the piece of jade hanging by a black cord from around her neck, Mrs. Hearst said, in her husky, accented voice, that she was a French-Canadian by birth, but at the age of 16 had gone to Europe to study the piano.

"Do not ask me from whom I learned, for after a round of great names in piano tuition it still took me years of painful experience to develop my own way to express and analyse music," she said.

"The tragedy is that teaching often falls into the hands of the wrong person."

"I have had students come to me — pianists with great talent, who have been ruined by teaching — and I have had to stop them from playing the piano for several years before we can begin all over again."

Mrs. Hearst said that there is a common illusion that a person who is the master of his instrument is qualified to teach.

"A clever musician often knows how to handle his instrument instinctively, but to teach he must have a basic knowledge of the how, why, and wherefore, to be able to analyse and synthesise. As well, a teacher must be a superlative psychologist," she said.

"People ask me if I do not find teaching boring, and I try to explain to them that no two lessons are alike, and that each one of my pupils differs in character, temperament, and mood."

Her experience as a teacher has taught her that culture, intelligence, and talent are universal.

"Talent runs in the streets," she said. "Almost everybody has some waiting to be developed."

When in New York, her studio on West 67th Street, where she lives with her husband, National Broadcasting Network impresario Siegfried

Hearst, is a meeting place for leading personalities in the world of music and art.

Their visiting list includes such famous names as Jascha Heifetz, Artur Schnabel, Vladimir Horowitz, Arturo Toscanini, and Otto Klemperer.

There also Mrs. Hearst teaches her selected group of promising young pianists, tutoring them in the technique which she says must go hand in hand with their musical development.

Mechanics of music

MRS. HEARST said that to her technique in music is a science. It is the mechanics of music, without which being musically gifted is not enough. The disciplined foundation on which must rest what the musician has to express takes 10 years to develop, and even then the musician is not finished, she said.

Pupils of hers who have had success as concert pianists in Europe and U.S.A. in recent years include Albert Hirsch, Gitta Grudova, Kurt Behr, Poldi Mildner, and a young

Canadian pianist, Gordon Manley.

Until 1938 Mrs. Hearst taught piano for six months of the year in America and in Europe for the other six months.

During the European season she combined mountain climbing with teaching, and her students would accompany her wherever she went for this exhilarating sport.

Haven for Mrs. Hearst now is the ranch she and her husband own at Santa Fe, New Mexico, 7500 feet above the sea. Just in front of the early colonial, Spanish-style house, tower the magnificent 30,000ft. Sangre de Cristo mountains, so called because for the last few minutes before the sun sets the rays which catch the mountains turn them blood-red.

Excitedly showing an album of photographs, Mrs. Hearst pointed out favorite Chinese pieces from her collection, which graces the spacious rafters of the rooms.



AMERICAN musical personalities, Mr. and Mrs. Siegfried Hearst live a hard outdoor life during the summer months they spend at their ranch at Santa Fe, New Mexico. Mrs. Hearst designed and supervised the building of the early Spanish-style adobe house.



ORCHID setting for portrait of Mrs. Djane Hearst, taken in the garden of her son and daughter-in-law's home at Darling Point, N.S.W., where she is staying while visiting Australia.

"See, here is a figure of the Wei dynasty, one century after Christ, and there, on the piano, is a Han dynasty vase," she said, adding that many pieces have been lent to museums. After collecting Chinese art for 30 years, Mrs. Hearst has now so interested her husband in the subject that she says he is now a "rabid collector," too.

As an impresario, Mr. Hearst is a business man primarily concerned with the engaging of artists and arranging of concerts, his wife said, remarking that his knowledge of music, as well as his intense musical feeling, was, therefore, unusual.

Mrs. Hearst is a happy woman, who says that age is unimportant.

"I can assure you that I feel younger now than I did at 18, because then I was carrying the burden of the world on my shoulders," she said.

'H.M.V.' presents

A Radiogram for Every Home...

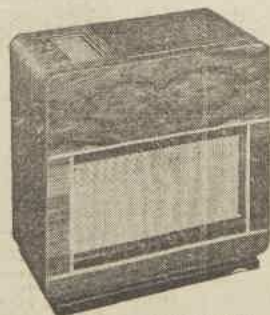
At a price to suit every family

Each one of these "His Master's Voice" instruments will bring to your home all the advantages the modern radiogram has to offer. The music you want to hear, when you want to hear it — as well as the

pick of the world's broadcasts. Each model carries the world-famous "His Master's Voice" trademark . . . your guarantee of the very best in radiograms in the world today.



the "Ernest Fisk" Model
5 Valve A.C. Dual Wave De-Luxe
Autodiagram. • Walnut £120/15/-.
• Silver Ash or Mahogany in special
order, £126. For 40 cycle operation,
£128/10/-. (* 2 gns. extra in W.A.)



Model D43A
5 Valve A.C. Dual Wave Radiogram,
£72/9/-. For 40 cycle operation,
£77/14/-.



Table Model 118
5 Valve A.C. Dual Wave Radiogram,
£55/13/-. For 40 cycle operation,
£60/18/-.



"H.M.V." Record Player. Turn your present radio into a radiogram with this compact record player. Simply plug it in and your records are reproduced through the speaker of your radio.
A.C. Model £18/10/-.
Spring Model (for battery sets) £15/15/-.



Model F33A Imported Electrogram. An entirely self-contained record player of impressive volume (push-pull output). £39/18/-.



The Hallmark of Quality

You can see and hear these "H.M.V." models at all shops where you see the "His Master's Voice" trademark. Easy terms arranged.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

THE GRAMOPHONE CO. LTD.
(INCORPORATED IN ENGLAND) HOME BUSH, N.S.W.

R91/47

HAZEL



"Friends?"

BUTCH



"The second burglar is described as having a rather dumb look. I WARNED you 'bout not wearin' a mask, Butch."

It seems to me...

ALL the harbors and rivers round Australia now have their summertime decoration of sails, and it couldn't be a better time to be reading Captain Joshua Slocum's "Sailing Alone Round the World," which has recently been reprinted.

Everyone who cares about small boats knows that Slocum was the first man to sail single-handed round the world—the voyage began in 1895, ended in 1896—but I, for one, never knew that he was not only one of the world's great sailors, but also one of its liveliest writers, afloat or ashore.

He said himself that his hand had grasped the sextant more often than the pen, in which case the best thing anyone who wants to write had better do is get acquainted with a sextant right away.

Listen to this (as the *Spray* sailed from Boston): "The day was perfect, the sunlight clear and strong. Every particle of water thrown into the air became a gem, and the *Spray*, bounding ahead, snatched necklace after necklace from the sea, and as often threw them away."

Or, when he's describing how he sang loudly on his solitary voyage: "Old turtles with large eyes poked their heads up out of the sea as I sang 'Johnny Boker' and 'We'll Pay Darby Doyl for his Boots,' and the like. But the porpoises were, on the whole, vastly more appreciative than the turtles; they jumped a deal higher . . . The sea-birds sailed around rather shy."

And another line, when he reached Australia: "Summer was approaching, and the harbor of Sydney was blooming with yachts."

Captain Slocum's was a lonely voyage. But what a lot of friends he must have made since. It's a long time since I came across a book so admirably calculated to disrupt the routine of the day.

* * *

WHICH reminds me, talking of the day's routine, American columnist Earl Wilson has been advising people on how to add a day to their week—and after reading it a seven-day week will do me.

Two bits of his advice: "Always be ten minutes late for appointments" and "Avoid arguments."

How those two habits could be reconciled I'm sure I don't know.

As for his suggestion that one should work in taxis, trams, and when waiting for lifts! Not only is this very limited in its application—I fail to see how an oxy-welder could make use of it—but those who could, the pencil and paper workers, would soon develop a neurosis or an ulcer calculated to waste a lovely lot of days on sick leave.

There are, of course, specially energetic people. I know of one young girl, for instance, who can cook a meal and paint a table at the same time, the table strategically placed near the stove, the while joining in the conversation with guests.

Such people make one feel lazy.

But, probably, drive like that is determined at birth, just as, so the psychologists say, the I.Q. of a person is fixed and cannot be altered.

I hope so, anyhow, for the sake of those of us who sit cabbage-like in public transport, and stare blankly at our fellows in life.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 5, 1949

By



Dorothy Drain

THE R.S.P.C.A. in Sydney is proposing to establish a pets' cemetery. Worse, there has been talk of raising the necessary money by public subscription.

People who think this is a nice idea might change their minds if they read Evelyn Waugh's "The Loved One," a satire on America's Forest Lawn, with its devastating account of the young man who worked for a pets' cemetery run for private profit.

It is natural to become fond of pets. It is natural to grieve when they die. But, as Axel Munthe said in his delightful chapter on dogs in "The Story of San Michele," it is not A dog that men love, it is THE dog. Nearly all normal people can turn their affection to another dog.

That the R.S.P.C.A. should have proper hygienic arrangements for disposing of dead animals is reasonable, but that it should pander to sheer morbidity of this kind seems a long way from its object—preventing cruelty to live animals.

It is possible, of course, that the profits from such an enterprise could be used for the care of other animals, but to my mind that still doesn't justify the notion.

* * *

WHAT is that faint cloud that's beginning to gather at the back of your mind? What's that sense of worry when scanning the advertisements, and parcelling out your pay envelope?

Christmas, of course. If you haven't started your shopping by now, you should have. One little thing done every day would mitigate the shopping nightmare.

Don't pay too much attention to this little paragraph. I'm just trying to goad myself into action.

* * *

THE delightful thing about fashion is that it is inescapable. Ignore it if you will, you'll find yourself at the height of it every few years.

I noticed, for instance, in a tram the other day, a perfect example of the new "Mid-Century Bob." It was worn by a woman who was neat but not gaudy. By her age and her expression I felt certain that she had been wearing it since 1925, when a similar hair-do was the rage.

It must be maddening, if you're one of those dames who don't care a fig for fashion, and wear what you believe suits you, to have, every twenty years or so, someone screaming at you, "But, my dear, I love your outfit. It's the newest thing!"

* * *

THE senior instructor in atom war defence at a civil defence centre in England, Lieut.-Commander F. A. M. Eden, said yesterday that treatment for exposure to radio-activity was ordinary soap and water.

Take a bath for pleasure,

Take a bath for fun,

Take it in this modern world,

Quick, before you run!

Would you be a rich young man?

If you'd have a hope,

Best set up in business

Making atom bombs—or soap!

Win £2-2-0
for your
suggestion
for uses of
Mitcham
Lavender Water



What uses do you know of
for Mitcham Lavender Water?

note some down now and send
them right away to—

Since before grandmother's day
Mitcham Lavender Water has
been a perfumery for which
women have found endless uses.
It is a refreshing perfume on
handkerchiefs . . . a refresher

Box 1131 J, G.P.O.,
Melbourne, Victoria

£2/2/- will be awarded
for the best suggestions—
which will be used in
subsequent advertising. It
is easy money—write now.



after bathing . . . and is even
used to cool a room in summer.
You must know many many uses
for Mitcham Lavender Water—



POTTER
& MOORE

English creators of
fine perfumery for 200 years.

Bottles from 3/3 to 18/6

LW

SKIN LOTION
CONTAINS
Olive Oil
for your skin beauty
ASK FOR THE ROUND
BOTTLE WITH THE
ORANGE LABEL
Available from Chemists
and Stores Everywhere.
3oz bottles 2' 6oz 3'3. tubes 1'6.

Holds My
FALSE TEETH
Tighter and Longer

I've tried several kinds of powders
to hold my false teeth. When I tried
FASTETH I found the one powder
that does not thin out or wash away,
but "stays put" all day. It gives a most
pleasant feeling, a real sense of
security. Breath always pleasant. If
anyone with loose-fitting false teeth
wants all-day comfort and real stay-
there fit, get FASTETH at any
chemist. Refuse substitutes.

fortuna
GUARANTEED
coloured
sheets

VOGUE SAYS...

"Sun wrinkles are easy to acquire, but hard to iron out. Protect your eyes with good sunglasses".



She's wearing "POLAROID 536 Sun Glasses

POLAROID

SUN GLASSES & SUNSHIELDS

are the best in the world

Eyes that squint soon lose the serene beauty of youth. There's a wonderful range of good looking *POLAROID Sunglasses and Sunshields that will protect your eyes and ward off "crows feet" by miraculously and scientifically absorbing that harmful glare-light that causes squinting and eye strain. There's no dim-out with *POLAROID Sunglasses and Sunshields—you see everything in its true colours—but without the glare.



Smart "POLAROID 66 Sunshield (above)—and, if you already wear specs, "POLAROID Clipover Sun Glasses for you (right). For driving—a "POLAROID Day Driving Visor on your car is an absolute "must."

*POLAROID SUN GLASSES AND SUNSHIELDS Available from Opticians, Chemists, Garages, Sports and General Stores, etc. Australian Agents: A. J. Davison Pty. Ltd., Crown and Stanley Sts., Sydney, N.S.W. *Registered Trade Mark of Polaroid Corp., Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A. Pat. in U.S.A., U.K., E. Africa, Aust. and other countries.

DP 10.2PC.

The Unpossessed

Continued from page 4

ONE evening he turned to her at the poignant ending of a Chopin nocturne. Their kiss was inevitable, and prolonged.

"I knew you'd be like this," she murmured, and he kissed her again, savoring the implication of her words. A woman like this met one as an equal in experience.

"My little love," he said, and then was angry at his own ineptitude. "You're marvellous" was better, and she slid round on the piano bench until she faced the room and he could take her in his arms.

From that evening their intimacy progressed swiftly. Her expensive fragrance, her furs, her chic enchanted him. He was proud of his conquest. And if he sometimes wished he did not feel so smothered in perfume and furs, if he sometimes felt as if he'd like to spread his arms and brush Marcia farther away and get some air, still she amused and stirred him.

Once or twice, absorbed in his music, he did wish she were self-contained, like Sophie. Marcia kept you constantly aware of her. Even when she sat quietly, she was always conscious of herself and of you; worse, she made you aware of her consciousness. It was annoying.

Her possessiveness, though flattering, was annoying, too.

"We'd love to come," she'd say, when someone mentioned a party. "Of course I'm keeping Michael hard at it just now; his concert, you know. But we'll make it somehow."

She was keeping him at it! Michael's mouth would twist as he followed her out of a restaurant. But the stir her appearance always made would soothe his irritation.

For himself, he tried not to think about it very much. He was ready, and even Rosen was doubly satisfied. They had wrangled over what he was to play, settling finally upon his beginning with a Scarlatti sonatina, a Bach prelude and fugue. The Appassionata of Beethoven and a group of Debussy preludes were to follow. It would be all right. It had to be.

And then the day of the concert arrived. Michael, shaving with a hand that shook, felt that it was too soon. He could eat no breakfast. He tried to practise, found it impossible, and flung himself out into the street. He walked all the morning, hunched vaguely at a restaurant, and, in the afternoon, stumbled home exhausted, with some idea of sleep.

He could not sleep, and as he lay staring at the ceiling he discovered that he could remember not one note of his programme. Going to the piano, panic shook him.

Marcia found him, sunk fathoms deep, when she let herself in at five with the key he had given her.

"Darling, I had to come. But what's wrong? You look so odd." Michael suffered himself to be kissed. In his concentration he could hardly remember who she was. "You poor sweet, you're dead," she protested, pulling him along to the sofa and hurrying to mix a drink.

Irritation swept over him. He gulped his drink, staring inimically at her, waiting for her to go.

She set down beside him, sliding her hand under his inert one and turning her fingers to hold his. "I knew you'd be working too hard. That's why I had to come. Oh, Michael, the most exciting thing! We're going away. To-morrow. To Mexico. The Graysons' yacht is heaven and they're broad-minded."

Michael said, "Hah!" and glared at her. "What a fine time you pick. You're crazy. If the concert is a success I ought to get engagements for the entire winter."

"If it's a success!" she laughed. "Of course you'll be a success. But you need a change, Michael. And it will do you no harm to cultivate

the Graysons. They have gorgeous parties, and when you've played in their house you can play anywhere."

"A sort of court musician. A travelling minstrel," Michael said sharply, rage mounting in him.

Marcia seemed not to notice his mood. "We can be together simply all the time, not in snatches as we are here. I told them we could sail by noon."

"Nice of you to accept for me."

"Isn't it incredible? Oh, Michael, just think of whole days together—whole weeks with no boring concerts or tiresome practice."

Michael stood up abruptly.

"It's you who are incredible," he said. "It is incredibly impertinent of you to plan my life for me. As for the tiresome practising and the blessed absence of concerts—I'm a musician. Hadn't you heard? It's—ah, a business, you know. I don't just drop it to run off and play."

The look on her face drove him on. "As for two months of your delightful companionship—well, one may have a taste for occasional caviar, but as a steady diet it just might pall."

Marcia stared at him, incredulous. "Why, you cheap little piano player," she said at last. "You a musician!" She laughed. "Everyone knows I've made you. I can do plenty about that, too. Everyone will howl with laughter at you, going all heavy about your career."

Shaking with nerves, Michael saw her turn, and heard in a moment the crash of the door. "Everyone will laugh..." she said. "Everyone will laugh..." Suddenly he knew he could not face an audience that night.

WAVE upon wave of fear mounted in him. The thought of eyes, eyes everywhere, and the malicious whispering comments of Marcia's world, filled him with terror.

Somehow he dressed. Somehow he walked all the way to the concert hall. The idea of walking across that famous platform appalled him. A hundred times on the way uptown he rehearsed that walk from the wings to the piano. Not a note of music remained to him.

Somehow he was in the wings and someone pushed him out upon the stage. He began his progress towards a piano which seemed miles away. He turned his gaze once upon the audience. Marcia was there. He stumbled and she laughed, her laughter shrill and malicious.

Then he was at the piano. But he could not play. He knew that he could not.

It would have been better, he realised almost at once, if he had not. Mechanically, his fingers had fallen upon the familiar notes of the sonatina and he was playing them. Mechanically note followed note. He went through the thing like an automaton, forcing himself on because he did not know what else to do.

He progressed to Bach with scarcely a pause. And so, at last, he had ploughed through the first half of his programme. When he finished and dropped his hands there was a thin spatter of applause.

Now he had to get back across that mile of platform. He could, having accomplished that, go away and hide himself forever. But first he must walk.

Brushing past Rosen, he had a glimpse of the old man's face. And then he was safe in the dressing-room, with the door closed tight. He sat down at the dressing-table and put his head on his arms. Here at last, for a little while, he was safe.

Please turn to page 27

Interesting People



PROF. WALTER WATERHOUSE

... wheat research

WINNER for the second time of the Farrier Memorial Medal for distinguished service to agriculture, Professor Walter Waterhouse, of Sydney University, is modest about his achievements. A typical scientist, he is embarrassed by the publicity which his success has brought him. His greatest work has been investigation on the wheat rust problem. For 20 years he bred rust-resistant wheats before he released a commercial variety. Now, after 30 years, hundreds of thousands of acres throughout Australia are sown with rust-resistant Waterhouse varieties of wheat.



MISS GERALDINE LE MAY

... U.S. Library

"WITH aviation and radio bringing countries together, we seem to be living in a one-roomed, not a ten-roomed, house. So it is important we should be drawn together in our thinking, and libraries are one of the best mediums for this," says Geraldine Le May, new Director of the U.S. Information Library in Melbourne. An Atlanta University graduate, she received her M.A. from the library school of Chicago University.



MR. R. G. WISHART

... trains chief

BIG job of spending £80,000,000 on ten years' work programme to restore wartime "lost efficiency" on Victorian railways and give Melbourne underground train service is chief concern of Mr. Robert G. Wishart, who became Chairman of Victorian Railways Commissioners this year. Rising from junior clerk role in 1906, is experienced in every branch of rail travel and administration, and studied American methods as secretary to Sir Harold Clapp when Spirit of Progress was being planned.

Do it with
"DUREX"



There's nothing better for repairing a torn page, map, or picture than clear, strong "Durex" Tape.



Keep handbags fresh and clean by covering with clear, smooth, non-holding "Durex" Tape.

The transparent tape that seals without moistening

Any sealing, holding, mending job is simple with "Durex" Tape. It sticks at a touch—is transparent as glass. Look for the handy plaid dispenser with the brand name "Durex" on the side.

100 ins. $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Tape, 2/6
150 ins. $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Tape, 1/3



DUREX
Cellulose
TAPE

AUSTRALIAN DUREX PRODUCTS
PTY. LTD., LIDCOMBE, N.S.W.

DR/118

Pick a pack
of
SAXA
the pick of
packet salt



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 5, 1949

The Unpossessed

Continued from page 26

WHEN he heard the knock he sat very still, holding his breath. Rosen, that would be. It would be no use talking to him. He covered deeper in his chair as the knock came again. He heard the door open.

Sophie said, "Mike, what is it? Are you sick?" Then her arms were round his shoulders. He turned and buried his face against her shoulder.

"I can't go back out there. I can't face them, Sophie," he said.

"It's all right, darling. Never mind them. It's all right," she repeated softly.

"They know I'm no good," he said. "Everybody knows I don't amount to anything. Why . . . I just don't amount to anything," he said again, incredulous, sitting up.

Sophie put out her hand and touched his cheek. "You were scared, weren't you?" she said. "Why Mike, you were just scared to death."

He nodded. "Out of my head. And now I can't ever face any of them. They know I'm not any good."

"You've never been socked before, have you, Mike?" she said. "It never occurred to you that you might not amount to something, did it? Well, sometimes it's sort of fun."

He snorted and she said, "Oh, I don't mean it's fun getting socked. But I mean it's sort of fun not being anybody special. You don't have to be so cautious all the time when you aren't important. When you don't think you're important you can just say, 'Here goes nothing,' and let things rip. That's fun," she told him.

He shook his head. "You're crazy. But I've—why, I've missed you," he said, surprised that it was true. "I've missed you every minute," he said, believing it. "And what's fun about being nobody?"

"It's . . . careless and free," Sophie offered. "I heard a man talking about refugees the other night, calling them the dispossessed. And I started thinking about me afterward. I'm not dispossessed. I've never had anything to lose. I don't have to today and be nice to people to make a picture of myself for them, either. So I guess I'm the unpossessed. I like being it."

She looked speculatively at him. "Your music isn't you, you know. It's bigger than that. It is something you have to give to people. But you oughtn't to be in it, at all."

She stopped, then plunged. "Maybe if you weren't so busy out there on that platform, being Michael Thorne and thinking about being Michael Thorne, you might even give us some music."

He stared at her, and she stared back, her eyes very steady and with the accepting look he had seen in her face before. It came to him that he was relaxed and free with her just because she knew him for exactly what he was.

"The unpossessed," he said. He thought of his life, of how he'd traded on his charm and of what a hard bargain that had been. "The unpossessed. To go out there and not care—"

"And play to please yourself, Mike, and not a lot of stuffed shirts. What have you got to lose? Don't you see, darling? When you touch bottom, any way is up."

It was absurd. It made no more sense than Sophie had ever done. But it was stimulating. If you had nothing to lose, you had nothing to fear.

He said suddenly, "Who ever heard of them, anyway?"

Sophie caught his hands, her eyes shining. "That's it! That's what I mean!"

"I'll give them music, Sophie. Give it to them if I have to cram it down their throats."

"And I'll be there," she told him. "Mike, if you really did miss me,

maybe you'll buy me a couple of hot dogs after? I'm starved."

She smiled quaintly. "It took all the money I had to buy the concert ticket and get myself here."

There was a knock on the door. A voice said, "Five minutes, Mr. Thorne."

"I've got to run," Sophie said. She lifted her face and Michael put his hands on her shoulders, holding her off to look at her for a long moment.

"Bless you. I'll buy you the biggest steak in town. You'll wait?"

"Don't I always?" He stood still, filling his lungs with a deep breath that pulled courage up from inside him. She had saved and walked, and probably carried her precious hat in its box, to hear him play. And she would always be gullible and silly and gay and seldom make sense, and be the unpossessed until she died. Michael Thorne, untouched and untouchable, felt his throat ache.

He walked out upon the stage and, for the first time in his spoiled young life, he had forgotten himself completely.

As he sat with his fingers on the keys, waiting for silence, his eyes found Sophie, down in front. Warmth spread in him as she walked into his heart and made herself at home there.

SHE'S my girl, he thought, surprised that it should have been she all the time and he not know it. She hasn't beauty or chic or brilliance. Not anything really. Not anything except loyalty and endurance and courage, he added. "I'd have been proud," she had said. A sudden impulse overwhelmed him. To follow it would be impertinent. It would be unheard of. But it was what he most wished to do.

Why not? "What have you got to lose?" he could hear Sophie say. He began playing and, at the first notes of the Scarlatti sonatina, a murmur swept the audience. Then, as the quality of his playing became apparent, the house fell silent. With the half-smile on his face, Michael played straight through the first half of his programme. And he knew, with a quiet certainty, that seldom had that old hall heard better music.

Confident, now, of his audience, he gave them the Appassionata. The house rose to him when he had finished. Those in the back rows began coming down the aisles, towards the stage, and Michael glanced at Sophie as he bowed.

She had stopped clapping and stood, her hands clasped against her breast, her narrow face, under the elegant hat, lighted as if a fire burned behind it. Michael saw, too, that Marcia stood motionless.

Michael walked to the front of the stage and waited, smiling, for silence. When they saw that he would speak the applause died.

"Thank you for your forbearance," he said. "You see, when I began I did not know that the most important member of my audience had come. I . . . was not at my best."

It was as if he took them separately and warmly into his confidence and they loved it. After some laughter the applause began again and the cries of "Encore, Encore."

Before he turned to the piano, Michael made his small bow directly to Sophie. She looked, he thought, oddly distinguished in the hat with a feather. But it was at her blistered feet that he laid his music and his heart.

(Copyright)

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

For that "skinned out" feeling



have a Life Saver



There are only three perfumes by Saville in all the world. Differing widely, each is a perfect expression of fragrance, of a mood and a personality. It is a delightful adventure to discover which of the three is most personal to yourself.

Saville
PERFUMES

MISCHIEF

A young, light-hearted fragrance . . . gay, audacious, impudent.

SEVENTH HEAVEN

For full-dress occasions. Sophistication with an undertone of romance. The perfume that men love women to wear.

JUNE

Misleadingly demure. A brilliant 'perfume orchestration' of the flowers in an old-world English garden on a warm summer evening.

SAVILLE
PICCADILLY
LONDON
ENGLAND

GTS-278

DES gave an angry snort. "You know I want to marry you, Ann," he said. "I've been asking you for a year. But when you tie strings to it—"

"Age is doing that, not I. Look, Des. The line is giving us two weeks off in Manila. You couldn't ask for a better time for a honeymoon—"

"That's what I've been saying all along. Then why don't we get married?"

She said patiently: "You know very well why. Darling, you're ageing. You've forgotten more about flying than anyone on the line, but you can't keep on taking these long, gruelling trips."

"This is my life, Ann," he said. "I know, I know. But still, you have to step aside. And it's not so much like stepping aside, either. As chief pilot you'd still be doing a lot of flying."

"Check flights. Round and round in a circle we go. Pating the youngsters on the back, keeping the older characters in line. Most of the time I'd be at a desk."

She sighed. "Well, don't forget, the deadline is to-morrow. Home office is tired of waiting. If you don't cable your answer to-morrow they'll get someone else for the chief pilot's job."

He asked huskily, "And if I don't take it, you won't marry me?"

"That's right. I'm sorry, darling, but I want a home, complete with husband."

Des felt the rat-a-tat of wind against the wings, and another tremor running through the plane. He turned away from Ann and looked uneasily up the cabin, vaguely disturbed by a sense of premonition. Why that odd vibration? It was obviously caused by sudden wind shifts, but there were no mountains around, not even an island, to cause such sudden shifts.

Johnson, the businessman, had also noticed the vibration. He turned to Reynolds to display his superior knowledge of flying by saying: "One of the engines must be out of synchronisation. That's what happens when the co-pilot takes over. The captain's back there gabbing with the stewardess."

Point of No Return Continued from page 5

Reynolds shot a glance aft and then winked at Johnson. "Can't say that I blame him."

The two lapsed into silence, then Reynolds said, "Mr. Johnson. About this Ling How account—"

Johnson said warily, "Yes?"

"Well, I know I'm only small fry in this business, and maybe I shouldn't even compete with an outfit like yours—"

Johnson interrupted, "You're a hundred per cent. right. You've no chance to get that account. So, all right, you met Ling How when you hit the Philippines during the war, and the old Chinaman likes you, but it's money that counts with him, and I have that."

Reynolds said thinly, "I need that account—desperately."

Johnson shrugged. "That's your look-out, not mine. You're his friend, but I've got the cash, and, in the long run, that will swing the deal. Mark my words."

Johnson settled back with a sigh of satisfaction, but he had to look away from the worried creases etched round the younger man's eyes. Business was business.

Across the aisle from the businessmen, Lee Wong patted a pillow behind the lotus-like head of his wife and asked, "Comfortable?"

Lois nodded and smiled tenderly. She asked softly, "It won't be long, will it?"

"Three or four hours, maybe. We're making good time. Don't worry. You'll like Manila."

"It's funny," she said dreamily, "but I've never known many Orientals. I went to white schools and then to the University of California. Most of my friends are white. But in Manila I'll be an Oriental among Orientals. I think I'll feel a difference there."

Lee smiled and shook his head. Then he frowned as he said, "Of course it will be different with my family. They're old-fashioned Chinese who don't speak English and won't even learn Spanish. I admit they will be difficult."

Lois sat up straight. "Lee," she said, "let's stop playing with words. You're afraid of your family. You're afraid of their wrath because

you married me. And you're afraid of what will happen with the other family, the family of the girl picked out to marry you. What you've done is an insult to all of them. Isn't that it?"

He nodded. "Yes. The marriage arrangements have been settled ever since I was seven. Marrying you will be a terrible blow to all of them—when they learn of it."

Lois gasped. "You mean you haven't cabled?"

"No. I'm sorry, but I hadn't the nerve. I wanted you at my side when I told them."

"But, dear, they can't do anything about it now."

His lips twisted into a bitter line. "You don't know the old-fashioned Chinese. I was sent to college with the dowry money paid to my father. That has to be returned."

His eyes shifted away as he mumbled, "You know I love you, but sometimes I feel—well, perhaps we were a bit hasty—"

The blood drained from Lois' face, and she dropped back in her seat as if she had been slapped. She clenched her hands together, and stared out the window into space.

MRS. LESLIE had been watching the young Chinese couple, rather astonished by their rapid changes of expression. She had always considered the Orientals features as totally lacking in expression. She sighed and thought: Live and learn.

She turned to five-year-old Tommy, asleep in the seat by her side. When she looked away from him and stared out the window there were tears glistening in her eyes.

She thought, why did he have to have a father like Tom? Tom was no good, never had been, and never would be. Even though he was Mrs. Leslie's brother, and, at times, she had loved his easy-going, slipshod manner, she had never blinded herself to his weaknesses and his total lack of responsibility.

He had even refused to accept the responsibility of his own son. His wife, too, was no better, and perhaps even worse. The two of them had left Tommy with Mrs. Leslie

immediately after his birth, hardly bothering with him since.

Mrs. Leslie, who had been widowed by the war, had lavished all her love and affection on young Tommy. Recently she realised that slowly she had come to regard Tommy as her own son. He called her Mum, and his own mother was a stranger to him. That was not right.

She had struggled with the problem for some time and then decided that, whether or not his father wanted him, it would be better for all concerned if Tommy were brought up by his own parents. So, without notification, she was taking Tommy to them in Manila.

She turned away from the window and looked down at the sleeping boy, and a dizzying wave of pain swept through her. When she returned without Tommy, her life would be empty. And Tommy, too, would be unhappy and neglected.

The two Filipinos, Joe and Mario, were also discussing the right thing to do. Joe was saying, "You got the wrong slant, Mario. In the States you can't get anywhere, but in the islands a man can go to the top. We got a nation now, Mario. It's ours. Can't you feel what that means?"

"Not me," Mario said. "I'm finding a wife and flying right back."

Joe said urgently, "Look, Mario. You're smart. Me, too. The islands can use guys like us. We're needed. We aren't big shots and maybe never will be, but we can be men in a place we belong, and we can help build the country. Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

Mario shook his head. "No."

The two of them looked up at Des as he walked by and smiled at them. Joe said, "Nice guy."

Mario said, "You can have him."

Des paused at the forward end of the cabin and looked back at Ann. She was still standing in the galley, but looking in his direction. Even from a distance Des could see the mist in her eyes and the slight trembling of her lower lip. He turned quickly away, then again with a sudden vague premonition of danger he went through the bulkhead door behind him.

WALLY grabbed Des as he went by and told him, "Something rotten brewing, mon capitaine. We've lost radio contact with practically everything. I've tried Loran and even that has pooped out. Static is the worst I've ever experienced. We're on dead reckoning now."

Des snapped, "Anything wrong with that?"

Wally was surprised by his tone, but said, "Nothing that I know of. We're on course."

"Then I'm satisfied."

He stepped to the flight cockpit, glanced down at Kelly, and slid into the left-hand seat. Kelly was watching him with a bored expression.

Des thought of something to keep Kelly busy and said, "Go back and help Wally with the radio. See if you can get a fix on something."

"If Wally can't get a fix, nobody can."

Des roared, "Kelly, I told you to do something, so get at it!"

"Yes, sir," Kelly slid out of his seat and hurried aft.

Des stared after him and was sorry he had been so irritable. He strapped himself in the seat, squirmed into a comfortable position, and ran his eyes over the instrument panel. Everything in order. He checked the fuel tanks and then switched from right front main to left rear main. He busied himself for perhaps ten minutes, trying not to think of Ann.

A slight tremor ran up his spine and faded into the metal skin of the plane. Des leaned forward, looking down at the ocean. It was no longer slate-grey, but had turned to a rather odd bronze color. He looked to the horizon and noticed the bronze color creeping into the sky and then flooding the heavens, and there was no longer sky, ocean, or horizon.

He rubbed his knuckles in his eyes and put on green sun-glasses, but they only deepened the bronze color. It was as if the plane had suddenly plunged into a cloud of shimmering dust that obscured everything.

Searching his memory, he could not find an effect quite like it.

Please turn to page 32

DAINTY HANDWORKED BLOUSE STILL PERFECT—yet the material is 46 years old!



"These fancy pillow slips are really lovely!" exclaims Aunt Jenny. "Yes," smiles Mrs. Atkins. "Would you believe that they are over 20 years old? They were embroidered by my mother who is now 94 and living in Melbourne, but see—they're still beautiful and all due to Velvet's gentle care."

ANOTHER VELVET SOAP RECORD, says Aunt Jenny

Mrs. R. Atkins of 108 Mill Hill Road, Bond Junction, smiles proudly as she shows the blouse to Aunt Jenny.

"My mother originally bought the handworked material in India in 1903," she says. "It was first made into a skirt and then cut down and made into this lovely blouse. I'm certainly thankful for the way Velvet has kept it fresh and new-looking all these years."

"And just feel this hand-worked quilt," Mrs. Atkins continues. "It was originally in my glory box, with that beautiful white linen breakfast cloth and the lovely old damask table cloth. They're treasures to me and I can heartily thank Velvet for their wonderful condition today."

AND LADIES, HERE'S THE REASON WHY CLOTHES WASHED WITH VELVET LAST SO MUCH LONGER



FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAP—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn out because hard-rubbing is necessary with clumsy, inferior lather. And look how those weary, willy suds leave dirt ingrained in the weave!



FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new, year after year, because no hard-rubbing is needed with Velvet's extra-soft suds. And not a trace of dirt left behind.



WORTH Reporting

DISTINCTION of having been the husband of three glamorous blonde beauty queens goes to Hollywood personality David Gould, now in Melbourne producing the riotous revue "Hella-poppin'."

But he tells us he looks back on it all as a headache.

"It's terrible being married to a beautiful woman," he confides. "They're vain . . . want too much . . . and cook out of cans."

Now that he is not married to them, Mr. Gould says he's on the best of terms with his former wives—Frances Paxton (Miss California), Elizabeth Kinnell (Miss America, until she was disqualified when it was discovered she was married already), and Mitzi Haines (Miss New York).

He also lists their present husbands among his best buddies.

"My ex-wives have all since remarried—to very wealthy men," Mr. Gould says, proudly.

He assures us his own success in winning these beauties was not due to any special Casanova technique.

He laconically comments that it was his "contacts" that got them. As a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer big-shot and the holder of three Academy Awards for his work as dance director of "Broadway Melody of 1939," "Flying Down to Rio," and "Folies Bergere," and as the discoverer of numerous stars, he has always found romance come easily, he says.

Mr. Gould's last marriage was dissolved about five years ago. He's emphatic that he's staying a bachelor from now on unless he meets a sweet, average-kind-of-girl brunette, who doesn't look on him as a stepping-stone to stardom.

Memorial to nurses killed in war

VICTORIA is commemorating the memory of all nurses who were lost in the war with a £126,000 Nurses' Educational and Social Centre. A £25,000 property set in a spacious garden has been bought on St. Kilda Road, Melbourne. Its sixteen-roomed commodious villa is being adapted to comprise lounge, dining-room, "quiet" room, library, rooms for student nurses, and administrator's flat.

Later a two-story modern wing will be added to the villa. "We aim to have residential and office accommodation for all nursing organizations," says Mrs. Gwen Hughes Jones, honorary organiser of the recent Nurses' Memorial Appeal, which brought in £125,000.

Sister Vivian Bullock, survivor of the Banksia Island massacre, and Sister Betty Jeffrey were responsible for raising a large amount of this sum by touring Victoria and talking at country centres about the memorial scheme.



"Reg, mum—wan-na see how I'll look when I'm sixty?"



"It seems to have that indomitable will to survive."

A sardine on a suit led to invention

A GADGET for rolling off superfluous weight and taking the rub out of washing is being marketed by a Melbourne man.

It's a sponge-rubber roller half encased in a plastic cylinder, clamped to your hand with a strap.

Lightly run over clothes, carpets, lounge suites, and cushions previously steeped in soapy water, it creates a vacuum-cleaner-like suction and does the job in a jiffy.

Inventor, Lithuanian artist-photographer Ivon Yakovlevas, who has lived in Australia for twenty years, discovered the process by accident when he dropped a sardine on his suit and hurriedly sucked off the oil stain with his mouth.

It took him three years to perfect the device.

As a slimming agent it draws blood to the surface, breaking up fatty tissues and toning up skin and muscles.

He tells us one would-be Betty Grable insisted on investing in two rollers, so that she could slenderise both sides of her body simultaneously. She was convinced she might develop a lopsided look if she rolled haphazardly.

Bird-shop proprietor spoils a theory

WE peered eagerly at white-moustached Mr. George Melville, being innocent believers in the theory that people who've been doing the same work among animals or birds for a number of years begin to look like them.

However, our keenest scrutiny failed to find Mr. Melville, who, with his son George, is proprietor of two Sydney bird-shops, looking at all like any of the birds which hop about in his cages. The only faint resemblance we could find was to a spectacled Father Christmas.

Mr. Melville said, "Our busiest times of the year are around Christmas and before Mother's Day. Men especially seem fond of giving their mother a canary in a cage."

Parrots whose repertoire consists solely of family cracks such as "Good old Fred" and "Dad wants another beer" are inclined to hang fire, he told us.

The way to teach a parrot to talk is to keep on saying the same thing over and over again in a voice neither too loud nor too soft, and always with the same inflection.

An expensive club with good objects

A GROUP of 200 men in Whyalla, South Australia, belong to one of the most unusual charity-aiding clubs in Australia—the Whyalla Left Hand Club Incorporated.

It is so called because when formed in the early days of the war it was decided that members who touched their beer-glasses with anything but their left hand should be fined a silver coin.

Its members meet in the bar of a Whyalla hotel, and the rules apply between the hours of 12 noon and 1 p.m. and 4 p.m. and 5 p.m.

New rules have been introduced during the past few years. On Monday—"No Borrow" day—members are fined if they should so much as borrow a match or ask the time in the presence of a fellow member.

On Tuesday, members must not say "Yes" or answer in the affirmative in any way, and on Friday they must not say "No." Wednesday is the hardest day of all, for then the members are fined if they are caught touching their glasses with their left hand and on Thursday they are fined for any form of swearing. Saturday is "Free" day, and only the left-hand rule applies.

A shilling penalty is enforced if a member cannot show his badge when challenged, but the challenger must pay up should the badge be produced.

Money is also raised by regular cricket and billiards tournaments.

Such is the frailty of human nature that the club has been able to donate hundreds of pounds a year to deserving causes, and to buy a club hall.

Typical of their good work was their recent gesture in having an injured fellow townsman flown home from Port Pirie Hospital to save him the long and tiring trip by bus.

FRANCE'S first "shore boat" has just taken to the river and is playing between Paris and Rouen, voyaging along the Seine.

A group of young French actors bought an old coal barge and have transformed it into a theatre complete with a tiny bar for refreshments in between acts. The boat has been named *Le bateau qui chante* . . . *The Singing Boat*.

Opinions differ on the ukulele

IF Australians follow the American lead, ukuleles may be the smart thing to play to the girl-friend of the moment on those long summer nights at the beach when the moon is full.

Ukuleles have made a comeback in the States, after a slump since the 1920s. One music firm in Sydney, Palling's, told us that they notice ukuleles are making a comeback.

"We're selling 1000 a year," they said. "Of course, things come in cycles, and we can't explain why so many ukuleles are being bought. Australian-made ukuleles of a fine type are being sold, and we think the younger generation here are keen on trying these instruments, which are very easy to learn."

"During the war," they went on, "a factory was established here, which provided ukuleles for the American Red Cross. The Yanks stimulated things, but the ordinary public couldn't buy one. Now they're available, we think there will be a steady rise in sales."

But two other Sydney firms we phoned said they hadn't noticed a sales rise as yet.

Boosey and Hawkes got in a supply of ukuleles when George Formby was strumming his way round Australia, and thought youngsters would follow his example. But they didn't.

Nicholson's told us that the only sales rise they expect in ukuleles will be at Christmas time.



"Soaping" dulls hair—Halo glorifies it!



Yes, even finest soaps and soap shampoos hide the natural lustre of your hair with dulling soap film.

- Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film.
- Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights.
- Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
- Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant!
- Carries away unightly loose dandruff like magic!
- Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!

HALO REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR!
Halo Quality guaranteed by Colgate



WISE WIFE AND MOTHER

SUGGESTS CORRECT ACTION

AT FIRST TWINGE OF RHEUMATISM

"I come from a family where internal cleanliness has always been our best health assurance—each of us regularly added the 'little daily dose' of Kruschen to our first morning cup of tea. When I married I tried to get my husband to do likewise. But he always said it was better to leave 'well enough' alone until recently he began to be troubled with rheumatic pains. Only then was I able to convince him I was right. I started my husband off on the medicinal dose of Kruschen, gradually reducing the dose. This completely relieved him of the pains. Now, I'm happy to say, we are a family of 'Kruschen regulars'."

KRUSCHEN SALTS WILL CLEANSE YOUR SYSTEM!

The liver and kidneys play a major part in cleansing out the body's poisonous wastes. Kruschen's skillful combination of its natural salts stimulate the liver and wash out the kidneys, enabling them to function properly. Your body is thus naturally freed of poisonous wastes and your bloodstream becomes purified of the factors that can cause painful rheumatic ailments.

KRUSCHEN SALTS 2/9 a bottle
Chemists & Stores

MAY BE TAKEN

MEDICINAL DOSE
Sufferers from Gout, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Eczema, Constipation, Liver and Kidney Disorders, take a teaspoonful in a tumbler of hot water daily before breakfast.

TWO DIFFERENT WAYS

"LITTLE DAILY DOSE"
As an invigorating tonic put as much Kruschen as would cover a slice of toast in your first morning cup of tea or coffee. Taken that way, Kruschen Salts are tasteless.

The Tonic Effect of Kruschen Keeps Millions of People Fit!

Banish Denture Odour!
with **MILTON** CHEMISTS ONLY
DENTURE POWDER

PRICE 3!

TEENAGERS: Young lives have many problems

To learn about the lives, problems, and dangers of the much-discussed group, aged from 15 to 19, I have spent the past few weeks talking to them, to their employers, and to people who work among them.

I came to the conclusion that the chief problems exist at the top and the bottom of the economic scale. The youngsters exposed to the most dangerous influences on character are the children of the very rich and the very poor.

The great mass in the middle—those from the orthodox suburban homes—have less to contend with.

The greatest problem they all have, whether they know it or not, is sex. Ask most of them whether sex is a subject that worries them, and they'd say, "Certainly not."

They don't recognise the fact—and their parents mostly wouldn't wish them to—that their worries about beauty and popularity, their resentment at restrictions placed on their freedom, boil down to the basic fact that they are boys and girls, and that they hunger for the society of the opposite sex long before modern custom and economic considerations permit marriage.

One mother told me of her young daughter, at home from boarding-school, begging permission to have a dance in her home.

Just before the party was about to begin she consulted her mother: "What time do you think I should turn the lights off?" she asked. Then she explained to her mystified parents that this was routine at the parties she attended, to create the right atmosphere for romantic dancing and sitting out.

Another harassed mother reported her consternation when she dropped in to say good-night to her young guests to find most of them in pairs, "necking" without embarrassment.

Worse dangers at such parties as these come when young guests are taken home in cars borrowed from the family for the evening.

Dr. Laria Perry, of the Racial Hygiene Society, to whom many young people come seeking advice, often when it is too late, says: "If only parents would insist on calling for their teenage daughters after parties, a great many of the tragedies I have seen would have been prevented."

"It is the ignorance and indifference of parents which create the teenage problem."

"Some are too absorbed in their own lives to care; others believe that 'our children wouldn't do such things'."

"I have seen teenage boys literally under the table from drink. Yet the parents of these same boys would probably tell you in all good faith that their children didn't touch drink."

There are, of course, thousands among our 600,000 teenagers who never take alcohol, who lead comparatively sheltered lives, and enjoy themselves very well.

I talked to one such, Barbara, a sixteen-year-old typist, who last year left one of the State High Schools.

She had just rung her home for permission to attend a symphony concert, for which she and another girl had been given concession tickets.

They used to be called adolescents. To-day they're called teenagers. They were always a source of surprise, irritation, and delight to their elders. But, perhaps because of a cult that has spread from America, they have to-day more attention focused on them than ever before.

After some argument, during which her exact movements were discussed and the time of her arrival home stipulated, she was told she could go.

Barbara told me she loved these concerts, was also interested in amateur theatricals. She swims a lot in summer and dances whenever she can.

"We all love dancing," she confided.

"Our local Church group arranges a dance nearly every week. Of course there is always a chaperon present."

"My friends and I like boys, but just as companions. We go out in groups with them, mostly brothers of other girls and their friends."

"The only time I am ever alone with a boy is if one I know well walks home with me after a dance."

"Some of the girls I know do go in for 'necking,' but the rest of us don't think much of them," she added.

Eighteen-year-old Elaine, in her first year at Sydney University, was eating sandwiches and chatting with an intellectual-looking youth when I first glimpsed her sitting in the sunshine in the University quadrangle.

I waited till her companion had left, before introducing myself. Elaine was friendly and quite willing to discuss her academic career.

Until last year she had been a pupil at a well-established private school, and had a good Leaving Certificate pass, which won her an Exhibition to the University.

She was studying Arts, and would probably go on to the Teachers' College for her teaching diploma, she told me.

"Do you really want to be a teacher?" I asked.

"Well, I have to do something, and it's as good a profession as any other," she said.

I asked her then what her real ambition in life was, and after a little hesitation she confided that she would like to marry—before she had done too much teaching.

Elaine was obviously becoming less easy about the conversation when I inquired what marriage meant to her.

"Well, the same as it does to everybody else, I suppose," she said. "You can't go on changing escorts forever."

She told me that during her two terms at the University she had been out with ten, or twelve different young men.

This apparent fickleness was a safety measure, because she had learnt from the experiences of some of the older girls that steady dating led the boys to expect more than she was prepared to give.

"It's not that I'm a prude or anything like that. I'm ready for plenty of fun, but it's no use becoming involved at this stage."

"None of these boys is in a position to marry; and Mum and Dad would be heartbroken if I got into any trouble."

Elaine seemed somewhat surprised when I asked her if there were any moral grounds for her wariness.

"I wouldn't be hurting anyone but myself and my parents. It's just common sense," she said.

"Of course, if I were really in love it might be different, but by then I hope we will be able to consider marriage."

When the time for marriage did come, Elaine said, she would like a family—one or two children, probably.

She assured me that she was well informed on the facts of life, and

looks to go off to a lecture on psychology.

I was left wondering what she had to learn—and what she would eventually teach the new generation now in their cradles.

Teenagers such as Barbara and Elaine do not face much danger—no more than is inseparable from any life.

But it is in the two extremes of the social scale that welfare workers say the most urgent problem among teenagers exists.

In suburbs where the homes of the very rich are found, it is practically impossible to get support for the youth groups which have so many members and such influence among the middle classes.

Young people in this group, frequently convinced of their own superiority and with every facility for entertainment, say, either directly or by inference, that they do not need such organisations.

Yet many are living in homes which, in spite of luxury, offer more dangers than the simple suburban cottages. Many are the children of broken marriages; many see little of their parents, who have a complicated social life.

They see a sophisticated way of living, and are not mature enough to cope with its dangers.

At 16 or 17, sometimes younger, they begin to go in their own parties to night-clubs, at first to the more respectable, then gradually, seeking excitement, to less reputable ones.

They have cocktail parties in their own homes.

At first they drink fruit cup, but, after a few months, in an atmosphere which is a replica of that in which their elders live, they, too, begin to drink.

Sandra, whom I interviewed at the lunch hour in a fashionable restaurant, was fairly pretty, and elaborately dressed in an outfit which, at a conservative estimate, must have cost £100.

Her manner was poised, and she looked more than her 19 years.

She told me she had left her fashionable boarding-school at 16, because she already "knew sufficient," and there was "no need" for her to work.

Her life since then had been absorbed in clothes, parties, and changing escorts.

At first these escorts had been boys of her own age group, but now she preferred men in their thirties. Often these were overseas visitors, of unknown background.

She admitted that she drank, "sometimes one or two too many."

Her parents knew, of course, that she had a drink, but rarely saw her when she arrived home, or for that matter knew when she arrived.

If Sandra manages to steer her-

certainly there seemed to be nothing of the dewy-eyed innocence of a generation ago about this practical young lady.

"I learnt a lot by reading when I was still at school. There are plenty of books about that tell you what you want to know."

"Here at the University we have lots of discussions between both sexes. I think it's a good idea. We all know where we are then."

At this moment a clock chimed and Elaine hastily picked up her



CLINCH. Early dating is an accepted thing among a great majority of teenagers of to-day, and leads inevitably to the type of familiarities euphemistically known as "necking" in modern slang phraseology. The embrace pictured here is typical of the practised love-making of teenagers to-day.



FINE TYPES of students is a training course.

self through the pitfalls of life, she will probably marry the average Australian man. But it does not appear that she will be able to settle down to the paralytic monotony of marriage or to the rearing of a family.

Here is likely to be among broken marriages which are common in the high-income group.

The emotional aspect then lead her further along of dissipation on which began.

A long way from Sandra, not dissimilar in its danger life of many teenagers who from what one social scientist has described as the "intellectuals."

"These young people families were once poor but better off economically, but



JIVE, the theme dance of the teenage cult, demonstrated at an afternoon session organised for charity at a city hall. Though the abandoned actions of the dance are far removed from the romantic steps of the waltz or even the once scandalous Charleston, the onlookers sit around quietly chatting.



Teenagers in the grounds of Sydney University during lunch time. The University provides for teenagers who are ready and willing to prepare for responsible jobs.

He served with the A.I.F. during the war, and his wife and family lived in the country.

On his return they came back to the city, and the only home they could find was a dreary four-roomed house in a slum area.

The eldest daughter, Alma, who is nearly 16, went to the local State school. There she learned a lot of the sordid facts of slum life from which her parents tried to protect her.

She went on to a Domestic Science School, but her secondary education was secondary indeed to the excitement she felt was waiting for her in the company of the youth of the neighborhood, from whom she heard whispered stories of "romance" and parties.

She left school last year, aged 15, and found a factory job, where she earns more than her father was earning when she was born.

She quite happily admitted that she had no interest in her work.

It represents comparatively easy money for her—the easier the better—and the means to join in the "glamorous" activities of the teenagers she knows.

Now an independent money earner, she defies her parents and goes to places of amusement, sometimes with a boy, often with other girls, thus meeting new boy-friends.

"Mum and Dad object," she said, "but they're old-fashioned."

"As soon as I am sixteen I am going to get a room of my own. I don't like arguments, and, anyway, it's too crowded at home with all the kids."

A rather similar type, though from a more comfortable suburban home, was 15-year-old Betty. I met her leaving a city business college.

She was at first somewhat suspicious of me, then when she was reassured her conversation was so interspersed with shrill giggles and flimsy slang that I found it difficult to make much headway.

I gathered that she spent as little time as possible at home.

"Mom and Pop would like me to stay home more, and don't mind me bringing the other kids there, but the gang I go with would rather get around the town," she said.

"We dance a lot and we all love music. Boy, some of the new hot numbers are good."

"We go to dances a couple of nights a week, and generally spend another night or so at one of the arcades. I'm a wus with some of the gadgets there."

"At week-ends we go hiking, or in the summer to the beaches. One of the kids has a portable gramophone,

Flitting from job to job

so we always take that and pool our records.

"I mostly go out in a crowd, but sometimes see a film or have a night out alone with my own boy-friend. He's 19 and is learning a good trade."

"We might marry some day, but now we just have a bit of fun and don't do any harm."

"I think life's pretty good for teenagers to-day."

Betty had attended an Intermediate High School, but was obviously uninterested in her academic record.

She was doing the business course, she admitted, to please her family, and "supposed" she would go into an office.

"That's if I can't get a job with a bit more pep to it, such as a night-club receptionist or something like that."

Betty was cheaply dressed, but with obvious Hollywood inspiration. She sees herself clearly as the teenager of films. Life as she visualises it for the future will be that of a film set.

The teenagers she represents have not yet come in touch with reality. In fact, they are probably due for as many shocks as the unenlightened adolescents of previous generations.

One trait of to-day's teenager which affects the community as a

whole is a widespread lack of responsibility towards the job. This is because the present teenagers have grown up in the era of manpower shortage with plenty of jobs available at good wages.

There are naturally many ambitious youngsters who have a definite vocation and work as devotedly as past generations, but they are exceptions.

The majority cannot believe the day may come when there will not be enough jobs to go round.

They regard themselves as valuable assets on the manpower front, and flit at whim from one position to another, with little or no thought for the future.

Struggling against such an attitude, and trying to help with the problems of teenagers generally, are the youth organisations in which Australia is a world leader.

Besides numerous Church groups and Boy Scouts' and Girl Guides' Associations, the Police and Citizens' Boys' Clubs, the Young Women's and Young Men's Christian Associations are a few of the main organisations with thousands of members among our teenagers.

All these have similar aims, to help teenagers pass in a healthy, normal fashion through the adolescent period.

They represent probably the best interpretation of the new theories of education for this age group, combining some of the discipline and training in useful arts of the old school with discussions concerning the greater freedom which is typical of the new.

Most of the organisations plan their schedule according to age groups, through the school-leaving age to the 17, 18, and 19-year-olds, among whom social activities embracing both sexes are more encouraged.

Young people who join these organisations are to a great extent protected from the false outlook which is typical of the teenage cult and from the consequent dangers.

From dreary slum homes

selves, but places in which they almost inevitably meet agents of vice."

There are, of course, strong exceptions to this statement.

The Police and Citizens' Boys' Clubs in N.S.W. have drawn in thousands of young boys, and, in some districts, Church clubs have managed to build up fairly strong groups.

But they are fighting against the cynicism of the ignorant, and a precocious knowledge of, and indifference to, the sordid side of life.

Many of the teenagers in these areas come from homes which offer no attractions. The mother is prematurely aged and worn-out by a hard life, the father intellectually barren, his main ambition to get money to spend at the pub and with book-makers.

Others, whose parents try, in spite of the environment, to provide a decent home, must, in these crowded areas, mix with, and be contaminated by, the less desirable element.

Alma is one of these. Her father is a laborer, certainly not with a high intellectual standard, but with an honest desire to do his best for his six children.

The world's most romantic perfume

Phül-Nänä



Let Phül-Nänä fill your days and nights with magic... for in its sweet, disturbing fragrance there is an exotic mystery that seems to breathe unspoken words aloud... Phül-Nänä... strange, compelling... to wear it is to invite romance. Make Phül-Nänä your perfume... for today and every day!

PHÜL-NÄNÄ by
GROSSMITH 45 PICCADILLY LONDON, W.1

Phül-Nänä Perfume 2/- (trial size) 3/6, 5/-, 11/9, 18/6, 28/3. Talcum 3/10 (tin) 5/9 (after bottle). Bath Dosing Powder 13/- (complete with colour puff). Hair Oil 4/6. Liquid Brilliance 4/6. Solid Brilliance 4/6 (jar) 3/10 (tin). Soap 9/9 box of four cakes. 2/6 per cake. Bath Crystals 7/9. Face Powder 2/11.



You will also see the following Grossmith perfumes and toiletries on your beauty counter:-
Shem-el-Nessim, Floral Perfumes, Old Cottage Lavender and Golden Still Eau de Cologne.

Distilled, sealed and packaged in England by J. GROSSMITH & SON LTD. Perfumers since 1835

Sole Distributors: Robert Black (Australia). GPO Box 4711 Sydney; Collins St., Melbourne; GPO Box 10514, Brisbane; GPO Box 3542, Adelaide; GPO Box N 1034, Perth; 61, Dover St., Hobart; 12, Darby St., Newcastle, N.S.W.



BIG NEWS for new cat owners! Domestic cats seldom get enough of those correctives which cats in their natural state get from herbs and certain grasses. But you need not worry—Tibs Cat Powders provide these essential aids. Start your cat right on one Tibs every day, and keep him fit and frisky as a kitten.

FREE OFFER For a genuine free sample of Tibs Cat Powders send 5/- in stamps for postage to: **Salmond & Spraggan (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Box 13122, G.P.O., Sydney.**

TIBS
KEEP CATS
KITTENISH
21 powders 2/-

DES removed his sun-glasses and twisted about to yell for Kelly. But when he was again facing forward and Kelly was in the right-hand seat, the bronze effect had disappeared and directly ahead was a grey wall of mist.

Des had one brief glance down to an angry churning ocean and then they were in the grey stuff. The whirling propellers spun wet wool from their tips and the curved nose of the ship glistened wetly.

Kelly leaned across to ask, "Line squall?"

Des frowned and shook his head. All his sensory perceptions were feeling, sifting, tabulating, and comparing, trying to come up with an answer for the odd sense of premonition stirring within. Something big was stirring—big weather. When buckets of black rain slashed across the plane, Des tightened his belt another inch and flattened his face against the side window.

Nothing could be seen but the ugly sheets of cold rain. He cut down the speed, and called to Kelly, "Down gear."

"What's the idea?" Kelly protested. "We can't land on the ocean."

Des roared, "Get those wheels down! We're not landing anywhere, but I want all the drag I can get."

The plane began to bounce slightly as Kelly ran down the wheels, then it bucked and trembled. Des flicked the switch that turned on the lighted sign in the passengers' cabin; "Please fasten seat belts," and "No smoking."

It was then that the plane hit the actual storm. It crashed into the swirling mass of air, staggered, shrieked its metallic protest, was tossed up a thousand feet to stand on one wing, and then was dropped sickeningly for four thousand feet. If Des had not before reduced speed and put the gear down, the plane would have been crushed in that first contact with the storm.

Des held the wheel tightly and looked back—to see Wally plastered against the ceiling and tearing at the metal with his fingers.

When the plane came to the bottom of the down-draught with an ugly, mashing halt of the descent, Wally scrambled to the floor and scrambled frantically into his seat, and strapped himself in. There was blood on his face and hands and his clothes were torn, but he made a weak O.K. sign to Des.

The plane was again tossed high into the air and up on one wing. Des fought the controls, telling himself over and over, "Keep the nose down. Keep the nose down. Don't let it stall." He fought it back on to an even keel and plunged screamingly downward.

Des glued his eyes on air speed and the artificial horizon and ignored everything else.

Kelly had been yelling something for a long time, and at last Des turned to look at him. Des roared back: "Typhoon. Must have been born in this area."

Kelly paled slightly and asked, "How do we get out of it? This thing will tear the ship to pieces."

Des said bluntly, "I don't know how to get out. They travel in an anti-clockwise direction, but I don't know if we're at the bottom of it or the top. I could turn north; but if we're at the bottom, that would mean we'd be in it that much longer. We'll stay as we are and see what happens."

He thought of Ann for an instant, prayed that she was strapped down securely, and again concentrated on the ship. The wheel was slamming and bucking in his hands, the pedals were slapping against the soles of his feet, and the compasses were spinning about crazily.

He thought of the passengers, wondered how they were taking this. But the passengers, oddly enough, were not frightened, only dazed by the plane's wild gyrations.

Ann had switched on the cabin lights and that, of course, helped to still their fears.

Point of No Return

Continued from page 28

There was comfort and familiarity in light. Then, too, light was revealing, and they could see that, except for pillows and magazines flying about, the cabin was intact and in order.

For half an hour the passengers held, looking not at each other, but into space, seeing into the storm with the mind's eyes, and suddenly the ship made a fast plunge and then it was sailing smoothly through the air, and out and up from the windows was grey light.

Mrs. Leslie heaved a great sigh of relief and turned to young Tommy, who was crying and pulling at the safety strap. She released the buckle of the strap and lifted him on to her lap.

Only Mario, the Filipino, saw her lift the boy from his seat, and only Mario knew the nature of typhoons. He knew what was going to happen.

They were in the "eye" of the circular storm, a small area of relative calm; but in a few seconds, he knew, they would again crash into the whirling winds.

A quick glance out the window revealed the black wall already looming before them. He turned to yell at the woman and child, but it was too late.

Rain slashed across the wings and hammered against the cabin, and the plane smashed into blackness, trembled as if it had come to a dead halt, bucked upward a few hundred feet, and then spun down like a rock in a gigantic down-draught.

The force of the sudden descent tore Tommy from his aunt's arms and sent him hurtling through the cabin. Mrs. Leslie's wild scream was heard even above the roar of the storm and the pounding of vibrating metal.

ANN

watched the small figure of the boy being tossed about in the cabin and, though she knew it was probably suicidal, she tore at the buckle of her own safety-strap. Reynolds and Lee Wong, however, acted before she could get it loose.

They scrambled into the aisle and grabbed at the boy while trying to maintain their balance by holding to seats. Lee was torn loose and slammed against the forward bulkhead, but managed to throw his arms about one of the empty seats.

Reynolds, meanwhile, hooked his legs under two of the seats and grabbed young Tommy. It took him ten minutes to fight his way back and strap the boy in his seat.

But as he returned to Johnson's side, an up-draught crushed him to the floor, where he slid partially under a seat and was caught by a down-draught. He tore loose and got into his own seat, but his face was chalk-white and his right leg was at a queer angle.

Lee Wong was unable to return and strapped himself into a forward seat.

Des, up forward, was fighting the bucking wheel with hands that had gone numb and fingers that could no longer feel.

He turned to look at Kelly and was so shocked that his hands fell from the wheel, but the ship continued on. Young Kelly was leaning forward tensely, fighting the other wheel on his side and smiling.

It was a thin smile, a reckless and wild smile, but it was obvious that, in spite of the imminent danger of instant destruction, Kelly was enjoying his private battle with the typhoon. When he saw that Des' hands were no longer busy, he took charge of the throttles also.

He was still fighting when the blackness gave way to grey and the grey faded to bronze, and then they were through and in the sunshine, and below were the eastern islands of the Philippines. Des straightened and took over the wheel without a word. He opened the throttles to

cruising as Kelly ran up the gear and the plane purred along smoothly.

Kelly grinned at Des and said, "That was some battle. First time I've been in a typhoon. Got a kick out of it. How about you?"

Des looked at his hands and then forward over the green land. After a while he said, "Better go back and see how the passengers made out. I—ah—I don't think I can leave my seat."

Kelly bounced to his feet, slapped Des on the back, and then started aft, loudly whistling a tune off key. Des watched him go, and the smile on his own lips was almost fatherly.

When they landed at Manila, Johnson was one of the first out of the plane. He carried Reynolds in his arms towards the waiting ambulance.

"You'll be O.K.," he said. "They'll slap a cast on that leg and you'll be walking again in no time. And don't worry about the Ling How account."

Reynolds said bitterly, "I can't even get in touch with the old Chinaman now."

Johnson chuckled. "You don't have to. You have courage, my friend. And you think fast. I need a partner like that. So suppose we join forces and I'll swing the Ling How account for the two of us. O.K.?"

Reynolds smiled. "O.K."

Mrs. Leslie passed them with Tommy and walked directly to the company offices. She told the clerk, "I want two return tickets to San Francisco on the first plane out. Adult and child."

"Your child, madam?"

Mrs. Leslie thought of her brother and his wife and knew that Tommy would always be resented and would never receive the love she could give him. "Yes," she said. "My child."

Lee and Lois Wong stood on the ground to watch the ambulance pull away. Lee was rubbing his own bruised arms. She said: "Maybe you should go to the hospital, too."

Lee shook his head. "We can take care of that later."

Lois asked softly, "After we see your parents?"

Lee slid an arm about her shoulders. "No," he said. "First, we are going to check into a hotel and stay there a week without seeing anyone. You know, we really haven't had a proper honeymoon."

"But what about your parents? They'll be furious."

Lee grinned. "They can wait. I'm very fond of them—you understand—but now they come second. Everything comes second—to you. An hour or so ago the two of us could have been lost to the world. From here on we're starting all over again—together."

Lois looked up at him, smiling through the mist in her eyes.

Joe and Mario followed them across the ramp towards the administration building.

Mario said, "I was thinking back there about what you said. Say, Joe, this is our country. I think maybe you and I could do all right here."

Joe chuckled and said, "Yeah. You got something there."

Kelly and Des picked up their briefcases and, with Ann between them, walked to the administration building. Kelly headed towards the pilots' office, but Des took Ann's arm and swung her away. They went into the main waiting-room and across to the cable counter. Des picked up a pencil and filled out a cable to the home office, accepting the position of chief pilot. Ann read the cable as he filled it out.

"Des," she said, "is it true?"

He nodded, thinking of the reckless smile on Kelly's lips. "Maybe I'll even like the job."

Ann threw her arms about him and, oblivious of the stares of the amused people in the room, crushed her lips against his.

"But, Des," she asked, "are you sure you'll never regret it?"

"No chance," he said. "This is my private point of no return."

(Copyright)

MR. SWEETACRE, watching Refl Sreen drive away, said, "He's not what you might call a polite man, that." He nudged the young policeman's arm. "You're not listening, Mr. Lake."

"I'm sorry," Ben said. "It's all right," Mr. Sweetacre said. "I think she's a fine-looking lass myself. But hardly the type you'd expect to find in these parts."

"She's from the city," Ben said. "She was a governess in Sydney."

"Was she now?" Mr. Sweetacre said, and thought of Sammy Spellman, sitting demurely in his pew, all got up in those unusual clothes. Sammy had played many parts, as Mr. Sweetacre well knew.

He wondered what new role Mr. Spellman had cast himself for. At the same time Steve Garvie, driving Nora Kaye home from the church, was saying, "It was a nice diversion, my dear . . . dropping your bag."

"It scared Charlie Bates, anyway," she said.

"You don't still want him?" "No," she said. "I never did except when I had a hunch I ought to play safe for once. You get that way sometimes."

"I know," he said, momentarily serious.

After they had left the street and the staring churchgoers, she said, "Well, I've seen your Vashti piece. What's she got I haven't?" "Pelvernon," he said, "and Silvanelle," and grinned at her.

"That weights the scales, doesn't it, Stevie? Still, all things being equal?"

"Why Nora, my love," he said, "if you mean do I prefer you? . . . a thousand times yes," and wondered if he meant it. Nora was in love with him as Vashti was, but he told himself, remembering the session on Silvanelle Hill, she would never make as pliable a wife.

He pulled on the reins and brought the dog-cart to a full stop. They had left the edge of the town and now there were only scattered cottages hidden mostly by the trees lining the road, with Nora's home a quarter-mile ahead. She knew why he had stopped and was in his arms at once, kissing him ravenously.

Poison in the House

Continued from page 7

"Stevie," she murmured after a breathless minute, "forget about Vashti. Leave her to Charlie Bates."

"My precious," he said, stopping her arguments with kisses. But she was desperately anxious for him to reassure her with words, though she knew she couldn't believe him. But no assurance came, and she pulled angrily away.

When they reached her gate she leapt out nimbly before he could help her. "I didn't tell you," she said, "but I wouldn't be surprised if something didn't happen out at the old Pelvernon."

"What should?"

"When I guessed you were after Steen's niece, I thought I'd have a peek at her myself, so I rode out yesterday morning. There was no one at home."

"Too bad," he said easily, again remembering Silvanelle Hill.

She went on, "The kitchen door was unlocked, so I thought I'd get a drink. I'd just dried the cup and put it back in the dresser when I heard someone on the gravel outside. Through the window I saw that creature, Pete Gorrik. I didn't want him to see me."

"I don't blame you, darling," he laughed. "Did he see you?"

"No," she said. "I slipped into the pantry. It's shaped like an L. I got round the angle when he came into the kitchen. I was scared to breathe. There was only him and me in the house."

"Poor Nora."

"He stood in the kitchen . . . quite still. I'm sure he was listening. Then he came into the front of the pantry and began fussing about the bottles. I could hear them clinking. I thought I'd burst, holding my breath, but he went back to the kitchen at last. He was there so long I thought he might have gone, so I peeped. I'll bet you couldn't guess what he was doing?"

"Having a drink?" Garvie smiled.

"No," she said, seriously. "He was shaking something out of a small jar into a bottle. Then he put the jar down on the table where I could see it quite plainly. It had a label on it marked 'Poison'."

Garvie said, after a thoughtful silence, "It looked sinister, Nora, but it was probably for rabbits."

"Rats!" she said. "If it was he wouldn't have been tip-toeing about, scared someone would come. After he'd gone I watched through the window and saw him ride off. I'd left my horse in the shade in front of the house. No one ever goes round there."

"Perhaps he was up to something," he said thoughtfully. "If anything happens at Pelvernon you should remember what you saw."

She said cattily: "If Pete Gorrik's going to poison anyone apart from himself I hope it's Vashti."

He laughed. "Good-bye, Lucretia," he called, and drove off, leaving her, as he often did, wondering what he meant.

GORRIK was leaning over the half-door of the stable, coatless, and with the inevitable cigarette dangling from his lips, as Refl Steen drove the buggy into the yard on the return from church.

"How's daftie behaved?" the old man asked at once.

"He made a holler when I put him back in his room," Gorrik said. "You let us have run round?"

Pete nodded.

"He didn't try and skeddadle?"

Pete said, "In a way, yes!"

Steen glared. "What's that mean?"

Pete leered at the girl in the buggy. "A man's got to be by himself sometime. I was only away a couple of minutes and he was gone. I thought he'd made off, but he wasn't in sight, so I searched the house. He was in the pantry."

Jedidah said, "Couldn't do no harm there."

Steen said, "Main thing is he's under lock and key," and climbed out of the buggy. "Come on, Vashti. Jedidah'll get us some tucker, then we'll have nice quiet time in parlor."

This, evidently, was the Sabbath routine. The parlor was probably used only on Sundays and special occasions.

THE room was stuffy and uncomfortable, and the girl would have preferred to be upstairs with her shoes off or gossiping with Jedidah, who had gone to her bedroom, but Steen said, "Make yourself easy, lass. There's good books on shelf."

There may have been but they were heavy, gloomy-looking, and in many-volumed sets. She said, "I think I'll just rest quietly."

"That's right," he agreed. "Have a nap on sofa." He took a book from the shelf. "Sandford and Meriton," he explained, adjusting spectacles. "Been my friend since I was little shaver."

He settled himself in the grandfather chair, chin on chest, and for an instant she feared he intended to read out loud. She lay with eyes closed, thinking of her ridiculously formal meeting with young Mr. Bates, whom she would have to jilt. She recalled Steve Garvie's message. Seven o'clock to-morrow, night at Silvanelle.

It would mean but one thing. He'd arranged for the marriage at his house! She thought of Spellman, and began mentally rehearsing the scene Spellman had concocted. She assented in Perth because he'd been so persuasive. Now, although it was no longer strictly necessary, she was going through with it. Why?

Because of the humiliation of Jedidah, the ill-treatment of Holper, and of what had happened at the hands of a door-old tyrant to people long since dead. And, in a way, dead because of him! Any humiliation he suffered or loss he sustained would be richly deserved.

Now she'd come to know him she wasn't afraid of the law. He might throw her out and that wouldn't matter since there was Garvie to fly to. And supposing he did adhere to the law. The law was that nice, red-headed young man who had held her hand so long. The thought was comforting.

She dozed, hoping sleepily that Holper wouldn't start thumping on his prison door. Then, thinking again of Garvie, she fell asleep.

Please turn to page 35



CUTEX-Cared-For Hands

The gentle beauty of your hands can now be of your own making. Easy-to-use CUTEX hand beauty preparations make it possible for you to give your hands that professional manicured look.

The long-wearing beauty of CUTEX polish will help keep your hands looking lovelier for days and days. Wonderful colours from which to choose . . . select a shade to flatter your skin tone or to harmonise with your costume colours.

For Lovely Hands USE—



Northam Warren Corporation, Stamford, U.S.A. N.C. 48



Baby has a beauty secret for you . . .

pure, mild Pears

Lovely Jennifer knows that pure, mild Pears is the best care precious complexions can have. Jennifer can't recall a bathtime without the thrilling luxury . . . the silken softness . . . of gentle Pears. She pays tribute to Pears for the fresh loveliness of her complexion. Use gentle Pears yourself, and your complexion too, will become soft and adorable.

Even on the hottest days — exposed to sun and wind — you'll be able to say, "With gentle Pears to look after my skin, my complexion is always flawless".



At dance-times you'll be proud of your Pears-kept complexion, you'll be proud of the lovelier look that pure, mild Pears and clear water has given to your skin.

Pears



Pears is the original transparent soap . . . it's so pure you can see right into the heart of each amber tablet.

READ HOW THESE EX-SUFFERERS SUCCESSFULLY FOUGHT
the Racking, Torturing Coughs and Aches of
CATARRH, BRONCHITIS
—Sleep Better Now at Night!
...Feel Better Every Day!

Lantigen 'B,' Dissolved Oral Vaccine, taken like an ordinary medicine at night before retiring, quickly relieves the difficult breathing, sleepless choked-up night of Catarrhal and Bronchial sufferers. Read now how Lantigen

'B,' the world-famous Oral Immunisation treatment, has successfully treated these fellow-Australians, brought them restful sleep, improved their general health, and promoted long-lasting immunity. Read what they say.



**"USED TO FEAR
THE COMING OF NIGHT!"**

Says Mrs. J. V. Pollett, of 10 Goodhope St., Paddington, N.S.W.:

"Seven years ago I lay in bed propped up on pillows, under drugs, trying to get control of my Bronchial Asthma and Catarrh. I spent no less than four months in bed. I used to fear the coming of night because all night long I coughed and coughed. I felt I would die unless I gained relief.

"Lantigen 'B' seemed just what I needed and I bought my first bottle. In three weeks I was up and about again, and I have improved ever since. I am full of energy, where once I was dragged down. I sleep well at night. I have no signs of Catarrh or Bronchitis, and I never have a headache."



**"NIGHT AFTER NIGHT— NOTHING
ELSE BUT COUGH"**

Says father, Mr. J. Kerr, Melville Terrace, Manly, Queensland:

"Before I heard of Lantigen 'B' I tried everything in the chemist's shop to ease my baby son of terrible attacks of Bronchitis, but to no avail. Night after night he would do nothing else but cough, used to go to sleep for about five minutes and then start coughing. This would go on until about three or three-thirty in the morning, and then he would doze off to sleep and sleep until about ten o'clock. But all day long he would be heavy in the eyes and cranky through lack of undisturbed rest. My son has had three bottles of Lantigen, and from the first week of giving it to him he has been a different boy—no wheeze, no cough, only good rest every night."



**"HARSH BRONCHIAL COUGH
DISTURBED MY REST AT NIGHT"**

Says Mr. Bert Hare, of Bligh Street, Wollongong, N.S.W.:

"I suffered a severe attack of Bronchitis and was left with a harsh, racking cough, which no amount of treatment would shift. Then my wife bought Lantigen 'B' for me and, believe it or not, the third day from taking the first dose found me absolutely free from the harsh cough which had worried me all through the days and disturbed my rest at nights, and I now enjoy a cough-free life though working with people who suffer from colds, etc. Needless to say, I do not hesitate to recommend to them Lantigen 'B,' and knowing the cough which I suffered, they, too, have taken to Lantigen 'B.' Lantigen 'B' is indeed the deadly enemy of coughs and colds."

ASK YOUR CHEMIST TODAY FOR

Lantigen 'B'

The Dissolved Oral Vaccine—taken just like ordinary medicine for germ-caused CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, BRONCHIAL ASTHMA, SINUS & ANTRUM INFECTIONS, RECURRENT COLDS.

PRODUCT OF EDINBURGH LABORATORIES, SYDNEY.

IMMUNITY PROMOTED!

Lantigen 'B' Brings Prompt Relief

Lantigen 'B' counteracts the effects of the germs which cause Catarrh and Bronchitis because it is a modern, dissolved oral vaccine, prepared by skilled bacteriologists working under medical direction.

Works Through The Bloodstream



Absorbed into the bloodstream through the mucous membranes of the nose, throat and digestive system, Lantigen 'B' stimulates the production of "antibodies."

These antibodies are the system's natural antidotes to the "catarrh" germs. They neutralise the germ poisons and thus relieve inflammation, pain, and congestion. Immunity against further attack is promoted and often lasts for years.

All These Benefits

Breathing eases, sore, stuffed-up noses are freed, tight bronchial congestion soothed, heavy frontal headaches disappear, you sleep through the night without coughing—wake rested and fresh.



No Injections

Just take Lantigen 'B' like an ordinary medicine in a little water at bedtime.

No Drugs

Lantigen 'B' is perfectly safe for young and old. It is guaranteed not to harm the heart nor interfere with other treatments.



Economical

The recommended treatment costs less than 3d. per day. Little, indeed, for the benefits Lantigen 'B' can bring to you.

Medical Opinion on Oral Immunisation

Dr. E. Cronin Lowe reports in the British Medical Journal of February 15, 1936, as follows: "In my experience the oral antigens have been mostly employed for cases of Catarrhal infections, Rheumatic conditions and Catarrhal Enterocolitis. Clinical response has been quite definitely marked."



And the Pickett Thompson Research Laboratories, London, writing in the same Journal, says: "...The advantage of the oral route of administration over the subcutaneous method is obvious."

The statements at left that you have just read are three of the hundreds of unsolicited testimonials received from users of Lantigen 'B.' We hope by printing these letters that you or some Catarrh and Bronchial sufferer that you know may also be freed from the distressing complaint, know the joy of complete freedom from the choking, coughing attacks, enjoy again sound, restful sleep, happy healthy days.

You could not do better than to commence treating your Catarrh or Bronchitis with Lantigen 'B.' It has been proved so very successful by so many people over so many years. Ask your chemist today about Lantigen 'B,' Dissolved Oral Vaccine.

1240740

A SHARP rat-a-tat-tat woke the girl suddenly. Reff Steen was snoring in his chair, the stuffy volume still on his lap. The authoritative knocking came again and at once she knew who was at the door. The show had started with "sounds off." The curtain was going up.

Almost as if she were playing to an audience she stretched her arms sleepily, sat up, then called to Reff Steen. "Uncle, someone's knocking."

"Eh?" he cried, starting. Sandford and Merton fell from his knees. The rat-a-tat-tat came again.

He raised his eyebrows. "Front door?" he said. "Must be something important."

She said, jumping up, registering anxiety. "I'll go to my room."

"No," he said. "Wait. Mightn't be private."

"Uncle . . . if you don't mind, I'd rather go."

"There's nothing to get excited about, Vashiti," he said. "Sit down. I'll see."

She obeyed with simulated reluctance and heard him open the front door, listened to the short, muffled conversation.

In a few minutes he was back in the parlor, holding up a business card, peering at it through his spectacles. Behind him was Sammy Spellman. Instantly and professionally appreciative, she realised how marvelously he looked his part.

Steen was reading the card. "Samuel Silverman," he said to Vashiti. "Niece . . . this is Mr. Silverman . . . from Sydney."

"Of Silverman, Snarth and Co.," Spellman began and, catching sight of her, said, "Oh," in an embarrassed way.

"Uncle," she said, rising from the sofa, agitatedly, "if you don't mind, I'll go to my room."

Spellman said severely, "I rather think, young lady, you should stay."

Reff Steen was looking from one to the other. "You know my niece, mister?"

Spellman said, "Unhappily, yes." Steen frowned, perplexed. "What does that mean, mister?"

"I'm sorry," Spellman sighed. "I saw you, sir, when I attended divine service this morning. Somehow, it has made my task harder and sadder." He sighed again and set his black bowler on the tea-table.

Steen said, "I think, mister, you might tell me what you've called about without any more fiddle-faddle."

"Yes, indeed," Spellman said, but with apparent reluctance.

"Take a seat," Steen invited.

"Thank you, no," Spellman lined his thumbs under his long coat-tails and took a few short strides. "I feel too agitated to sit," he said, and looked keenly at the girl, shaking his head sadly.

Poison in the House

Continued from page 33

"Uncle," she cried, "don't believe a word he says."

Reff Steen removed his spectacles and wiped them carefully. "There's something here I don't get the hang of," he said. "How can I tell what I believe till I know what 'tis? Sit down, girl. Sit down, mister. I'll sit, too, and we'll get to bottom o' matter like sensible folk."

When they were all seated, Spellman said, "In the quiet of the Sabbath, in the peacefulness of this loving atmosphere, I hope we may settle this unfortunate matter with a minimum of unpleasantness and without scandal. I can assure you, sir, Silverman and Snarth are not disposed to idly besmirch anyone's good name."

"Come to point," Steen said harshly.

"Don't believe him," the girl cried vehemently. "Whatever he says, don't believe him."

"Unhappily for you, Miss Vashiti Steen," Spellman said, almost pityingly, "your uncle, as a man of the world, will appreciate that a solicitor of my standing, representing a legal firm of high repute, would not advance so serious a charge without evidence. Irrefutable evidence."

BREAKING off, Spellman patted his plump knees with his fingers. He's enjoying this, his partner thought, and wondered if he might not make too high a leap in his histrionic flight. She wished he'd come to the point. Reff Steen thought so, too. "What charge?" he asked bluntly. "If you've got ought to say 'gainst Vashiti, spit out."

Spellman cleared his throat. "In Sydney, some time ago, my firm had this young lady in its employ. It is useless for her to deny it, for you will realise, sir, how simple it would be to bring her face to face with witnesses should this regrettable matter become a matter for criminal investigation."

"Criminal?" Reff Steen was startled.

"I am afraid so," Spellman said sorrowfully, and glanced at the girl, who had covered her face with her hands. "She may well hide her guilty features," he said severely.

Reff Steen said heavily, "Go on." "To make a long story short," Spellman continued, "it came to my firm's notice that a cheque for a substantial sum had been presented at our bank and paid in good faith. The cheque was signed 'Silverman and Snarth,' and had been presented without authority by the young lady in this room. I regret, Mr. Steen, that neither Silverman nor Snarth had signed that cheque. It was, indeed, forged by your niece."

"No!" Steen thundered.

"Unhappily, yes," Spellman said gravely. "The illicit signature has been examined by handwriting experts, who have also examined specimens of the young lady's writing, made when she was a trusted employee in our office. As a man of law I regret I must give the unqualified opinion that there is not a jury in the world which would not agree that the forgery was uttered by the . . . defendant."

He rose and pointed an accusing finger and held the dramatic pose until the girl suddenly, witted under his gaze and, throwing herself upon the sofa,

baried her face in the hard cushion at its head.

Holding the sides of the grandfather chair, Steen got slowly to his feet. "It is true then?" he asked.

Her voice came, smothered by the cushions, tearful and defiant. "Yes . . . yes, it's true. We . . . I had to do something. My . . . my mother and I . . . we were desperate. You weren't helping. You'd done nothing to help. You were to blame."

"It was forgery?" Steen said, slowly.

Spellman gave an embarrassed cough.

"This is most painful to me, most painful. It would be exceedingly painful to Mr. Snarth, too. I can assure you, sir, had the amount at issue been trifling we would have overlooked the matter. Unhappily it was not and when we heard that Miss Steen had taken a theatrical engagement here in Western Australia . . . had fled so far from Sydney . . . we felt it our duty . . ."

"Who know of this?" Steen's voice was hard.

"At the moment, apart from ourselves, Mr. Snarth, my partner, and I."

"You ain't seen the police?"

"Oh, no, no, no. Mr. Snarth and I are, I hope, not lacking in Christian charity. We were hopeful that the young lady might make restitution. Theatrical people, we were led to believe, on occasions earned quite considerable sums."

"How much was the cheque?"

Mr. Spellman coughed. "Er . . . two hundred pounds. I . . . my firm, you will understand, has been put to considerable expense in prosecuting our inquiries."

"Where is this cheque?"

"I have it here," Spellman said, and produced an imposing wallet. He hesitated. "Naturally, I cannot part with the cheque."

"It's no good to you, mister. We will swap cheques. I will write you one for two hundred pounds."

Spellman made a play of considering, pursing his thick lips.

"Mr. Steen," he said at last with great dignity, "you will appreciate the invidious position in which I am placed. I, a solicitor of Her Majesty's courts, am asked to condone a penal offence. I have also to consider my partner, Mr. Snarth. He cleared his throat.

"I am here and have had the very great advantage of meeting you, sir. I am most thankful that I attended divine service this morning and was an eye-witness to the reference paid you by one and all. But Mr. Snarth is three thousand miles away. Like him, I possess the legal mind which shies at, shall we say, possibilities?"

"Come to point," Steen said.

"Mr. Steen, I am only human. Let us end this painful business once and for all. Let us forget the past. Let me say, first and foremost, I do not doubt you for one single moment, my good sir, but Mr. Snarth would remind me that there is such a thing as recalling a cheque," Spellman coughed.

"My duty to my partner would not permit me to relinquish this incriminating document until full restitution had been made. We will say no more about my considerable expenses. Let them be a secret wedding present to this wayward girl who, I am sure, in the kindly atmosphere of this loving home, will put the wretched past behind her and look with Christian faith to the glowing future."

He paused, then ended dramatically, "Come with me to your bank to-morrow and give me two hundred pounds cash . . . or, better still, if possible, give me the money now and you shall relieve me of this wretched cheque."

Please turn to page 36



FOR MEN OF ALL AGES...



BOND'S

Quiet socks. Bright socks. Short socks for sports and plenty of length in the socks you wear every day. Extra long wear in all of them—and all at popular prices.

OBTAINABLE AT LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

For fine Quality that lasts—buy...

Hercules SHEETS

Product of Joshua Hoyle ENGLAND

Over a Century's experience behind them.

Agent: P. G. Hyett & Co., 212 Flinders La., Melb.
John A. Kanyon Pty. Ltd., 65 York St., Sydney.



FIVE SOUND REASONS why every UNIONIST should vote LIBERAL on December 10

1. The Liberal Party stands for rank-and-file control of Union affairs through the secret ballot.
2. The Liberal Party has a workable plan for destroying Communist influence inside and outside the Unions.
3. The Liberal Party advocates incentive payment systems with complete safeguards against exploitation.
4. The Liberal Party has a practical plan for increasing the purchasing power of wages . . . for reducing the cost of living.
5. The Liberal Party believes that your Union has a duty to protect your wages and conditions *without dictating your politics.*

THE LIBERAL PARTY IS OPPOSED TO CONSCRIPTION OF LABOR. CONSCRIPTION OF LABOR MUST RESULT IF INDUSTRY IS SOCIALISED.

Unionists will get a BETTER DEAL under LIBERAL GOVERNMENT

Authorised by D. M. Cleland, 30 Ash St., Sydney.

Poison in the House

Continued from page 35

STEEN eyed the other man coldly. "It is possible," he said. "More, it is understood, mister. I give you two hundred pounds for cheque and no more is said."

"What more could be said?" Spellman asked.

Steen said, "I'll get money." He looked down again on the sobbing girl. "Tears won't do no good to self or cushion, Vashti," he said. "Sit up and ask forgiveness of Mr. Silverman."

He left the room and, when they heard his heavy footsteps mounting the stairs, Spellman lifted his bowler, and kicked it with easy agility.

"Kid," he said with enthusiasm, "was it easy?" He put his arm about her and waltzed.

"Stop it," she said, and went on, serious and urgent, "I must talk to you alone soon."

He said, "Come into town. We'll split up the two hundred."

"It isn't only about that, Sam. Things have happened. You'll have to come out here."

"Again?"

"How did you get here?"

"On a horse, pity help me!" He groaned.

"Come to-night," she said quickly. "Hide your horse up the road somewhere. There are stables at the back of the house and, before you reach them, a gate."

"I remember."

Steen's steps could be heard as he came downstairs. "Be there at . . . half-past nine . . . sharp," she said.

He nodded and picked up Sandford and Merton. "A most improving work," he was saying as the old man entered.

"Here's money," Reff Steen counted the notes on to the tea-table. "It's a great sum, Mr. Silverman."

"Indeed it is," Spellman agreed. He produced a cheque from his wallet and handed it to Steen and, with an effort, subdued his anxiety to pocket the notes. He stowed them slowly away while Steen held the cheque for the girl to see.

With a show of reluctance she silently admitted its authenticity, and, striking a match, he applied it to the corner. As the cheque burned Spellman said piously; "The purifying fire stoppeth the scandalous tongue," and hoped it sounded biblical.

In the commercial room of the Dandaloo Arms, later that Sunday afternoon, Ben Lake and Mr. Sweetacre, coats off, long glasses of beer within easy reach, lounged in Mr. O'Riordan's big leather armchairs.

Themselves unseen, through the window, wire-screened against the flies, they could watch the sun-drenched street of the little town.

On the other side of the road a youth leaned against a post in an attitude of acute depression. Occasionally, a lonely pedestrian passed, clinging to the verandah shade of the shut shops. Time hung heavily, but, watching through sleepy eyes, Mr. Sweetacre told himself appearances were deceptive.

Nothing, it would seem, ever happened in this little centre of enforced idleness and bitter boredom, and yet he, a stranger, knew. Under the hard scorched surface was boiling mud, which if he had his facts right would soon erupt.

He was still watching when Spellman came riding down the street at a painful trot.

Sergeant Lake, accustomed to riding three days on end, grinned at Mr. Sweetacre. "Not much of a horseman," he said. "O'Riordan tells me he's a Sydney solicitor. A Mr. Silverman."

"Is he now?" Sweetacre cocked an interested eye. "A God-fearing man, no doubt. I spied him in church this morning."

"Church?" Ben reflected, lapsing into gloomy silence.

Mr. Sweetacre regarded the mournful young face with twinkling eyes.

"It's a queer experience, falling in love at first sight," he said, and went on hurriedly as Ben started to protest, "but it's not as unusual as you think. I, myself, now. You wouldn't think I was romantic, but I remember the day when, as a bachelor, no older than your red-headed self, it happened to me."

"I'd popped into the butcher's for a bit of steak, and, coming through the awing door, there she was! I'd never seen her before, but almost ever since I've been buying the steak for her, too."

Ben grinned. "Anyway, Miss Steen's engaged," he said, "so there's no more to be said."

Mr. Sweetacre nodded. "A strange thing that. She's been here but a day or two and is snapped up by young Mr. Bates."

"I was told he'd never spoken to her till this morning."

"Well, well!" Mr. Sweetacre said, greatly interested. "Is that a matter of general gossip?"

"I don't know," Ben admitted. "After she'd driven off this morning, a young lady came up to me and said, 'You know, Sergeant, that's the first time those two have spoken to each other.'"

Mr. Sweetacre asked shrewdly, "Was that the young person who dropped her bag when the preacher asked was there any impediment?"

Ben nodded. "Nora Kaye. A local girl."

"Do you know her well?"

"By reputation."

The detective grunted. "She drove off with Garvie in his dogcart."

Ben said, "I believe they've been a bit thick."

MR. SWEETACRE said thoughtfully, "If I'm any judge they're more than a bit thick. But why should she be upset at Mr. Bates marrying the Steen woman? She was, you know."

"Perhaps Charlie Bates had been making up to her."

"Ah . . ." Mr. Sweetacre said, "maybe that would be it. But why should the young lady go out of her way to tell you young Bates and Miss Steen were practically strangers?"

"It was just gossip."

"I don't know," Mr. Sweetacre objected. "I should say Miss Kaye is a very shrewd young woman. Not," he hastened to add, "that it was difficult to discern you were smitten with the lass in the buggy. 'Tis my opinion, young Sergeant Lake, Nora Kaye was not so concerned that Bates would get Mr. Steen's niece as that someone should snatch her from under his nose. You'll remember Mr. Garvie was also a worshipper."

Lake said, "That's just a guess."

Mr. Sweetacre shrugged eloquently. "Perhaps still, I fancy Miss Kaye might think a good-looking policeman with a way of holding a girl's hand would prove nice opposition." He stood up.

"Speaking of Garvie," he said with a nod at the street, "he's keeping strange company."

Ben Lake stood beside him, watching the dogcart pass. He said, "That's the Reverend Walchett with him. An old friend of Garvie's father. He's preaching here to-night. Garvie's probably driven him over from Kinalcuddy."

Mr. Sweetacre was thinking it was a funny world, when a music-hall comedian masqueraded as a solicitor and arranged a night ride on a horse he obviously hated; funnier still, when he thought of Nora Kaye encouraging good-looking Ben Lake to go after the girl who'd gone up the aisle on Reff Steen's arm.

But, he reflected, it wouldn't be so funny for some people in another twenty-four hours.

To be continued

Dress Sense by Betty Keep

UNBELTED back fullness is a new silhouette for housecoats, and I have designed one this week for a reader's trousseau.

New housecoat

"WOULD you design me a floral cotton housecoat for my trousseau, please? I am extremely thin, accentuated by the fact that I am tall, so please suggest a style that will make me appear fatter and something different from the same old buttoning-up-the-front gown."

A gown designed with back fullness falling straight from the shoulder and belted in front would be new and pretty. It would also be an excellent silhouette for a tall, too-thin figure. The gown is sketched on this page. Note scalloped edge to large shawl-collar and scalloped detail on sleeves.



• Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Young bride

"AFTER Christmas I am being married, and, as I am not yet 20, I would like some advice about the latest in bridal fashions suitable for my age."

Marquiesette, organdie, and lace are the newest and most successful materials for summer-time bridal gowns, and soft styling and bouffant skirts the newest trend in silhouettes. A simple marquiesette top with high neckline and tiny petal collar, plus a wide skirt highlighted with ruffles, would be feminine and pretty, and quite perfect for your age group.

Latest trimmings

"AS I live in the country, and seldom have a chance to see any fashion displays, I would like you to give me some of the latest ideas in frock trimmings."

Major style interest for all silhouettes lies in plaits, pockets, buttons, and panels. Pockets are placed at the hipline, high on the bodice, or both. An oversize cuffed type of pocket is very popular. Sometimes the cuff is fringed. These large pocket cuffs should always be backed with dress canvas. Buttons provide further interest to pockets, and are also used to button a side-wrap skirt or a plain, slim one.

Pleats and panels, whether small or large, are other important details for a slim-cut dress.

A BELTED FRONT with back fullness is a flattering housecoat style.

Hats are small

"I HAVE just had a new hair style and would like you to advise me as to the newest hat fashions to suit me. My hair has a half fringe on the forehead and is cut really short at the back."

A small hat such as a deep calot, a cloche, or close-fitting bonnet is the current high millinery style for the new short cut coiffures. Whichever shape you decide on, be sure to wear it straight on the head and well back from the forehead to allow for an unhampered display of your "bang."

Fashion points

"A FEW fashion points have me worried and I would like your advice. I have a new brown-and-black checkerboard dress and want your suggestion for color and material for a short jacket to wear over the dress. The dress is made in cotton taffeta and looks rather dark for summer wear. Secondly, what could I have for a new formal top for a black taffeta evening gown?"

White pique would make a perfect jacket for your brown-and-black dress. It would be quite an idea to have a pique hat made to match. Black and white is very new for the evening, so why not give your taffeta evening dress a white eyelet cotton tamisole top made strapless and sleeveless?

Fashion FROCKS



Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"JENNIFER" AND "JOY." Attractive mother and daughter dresses, featuring buttoned fronts and large patch pockets. The material is French floral seersucker in tonings of peach-blue, red, rose, and sage-blue printed on a white ground.

"Jennifer."—Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 48/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 49/11. Postage 2/3 extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 34/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 37/3. Postage 2/3 extra.

"Joy."—Ready To Wear: Size 4 years (20in. length), 22/3. Postage 1/3. Size 6 years (23in. length), 24/9. Postage 1/3. Size 8 years (27in. length), 26/3. Postage 1/3. Cut Out Only: Size 4 years (20in. length), 15/3. Postage 1/3. Size 6 years (23in. length), 15/9. Postage 1/3. Size 8 years (27in. length), 16/6. Postage 1/3.

"DULCIE."—A smart, short-sleeved shirt blouse made in linen spun. Colors include beige, gold, sage-blue, green, red, and navy. The same design is also obtainable in rayon-de-chine in white, pastel pink, and blue.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 32/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 34/9. Postage 1/3 extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 19/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 21/6. Postage 1/3 extra.

"POLLY."—Expertly tailored shorts. The material is a linen spun in beige, gold, sage-blue, green, red, or navy. Ready To Wear: Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 16/11. Postage 1/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 11/9. Postage 1/3 extra.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post. Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Box 385A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth. Box 489P, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle. Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne. N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Like to get outdoors?



BEWARE OF "HUNGRY HAIR"

Your hair gets hungry in this climate. Hungry for the natural oils which sun, salt water and wind draw from your scalp! If you don't replace these oils you're in for DRY SCALP and "HUNGRY HAIR".

Just a few drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic every morning supplements the natural scalp

oils and guards against lifeless "HUNGRY HAIR".

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic helps clear away loose dandruff and leaves your hair well-groomed and protected. Give your hair this special care. Ask for "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Your hair looks better, your scalp feels better.



Vaseline HAIR TONIC

TRADE MARK

HAIR TONIC

Double care—both Scalp and Hair



Don't let your hands say

"Housework"

Hands that tell a tale of housework need regular care with Softasilk. Wherever there are household tasks, keep a handy tube of Softasilk to keep romance in your life with hands that are truly soft as silk. Softasilk is also an excellent powder base.

USE Softasilk AFTER EVERY HOUSEHOLD JOB



SMALL 1/3

LARGE 2/-

IT'S HANDIER IN A TUBE

KEEP A TUBE IN YOUR BEDROOM, IN YOUR BATHROOM, IN YOUR KITCHEN

SOFTASILK Hand Beauty Cream

55/128

ANY TIME



CAN BE HEADACHE TIME

With the pace of things today — all the strain and bustle — headaches seem to be on the increase.

The fact that they are caused largely by the modern tempo and difficulties of the times is all the more reason why 'ASPRO' is THE way to stop these headaches.

*- but depend
on 'ASPRO'
EVERY time!*

- 1 'ASPRO' has NO "AFTER EFFECTS" (doesn't slow you up, leave you dizzy or depressed) —
- 2 'ASPRO' DOES NOT HARM THE HEART OR STOMACH (call on 'ASPRO' as often as you need without the slightest fear. It is also non habit-forming) —
- 3 'ASPRO' ACTS SWIFTLY ('ASPRO' has to be effective to have the biggest sale in the world of any medicine of its kind.)

'ASPRO' therefore is the ideal way to stop headache for anyone — anytime — it is a wonderful combination of EFFECTIVENESS with SAFETY and so convenient you can take it the instant you feel headache coming on.

Says Melbourne Hairdresser: "ASPRO" IS THE ONLY THING THAT STOPS HEADACHE AND DOESN'T SLOW ME UP"

Miss Eva Johnston, of 135 Glenferrie Road, Glenferrie, Victoria, writes (1/11/47) — "The constant rush and attention to detail one meets with as a ladies' hairdresser often becomes a strain on the nerves and brings on headaches. It is then that 'Aspro' helps me out. 'Aspro,' I find, is the one thing that stops the headache and doesn't slow me up, and this is important to me because hairdressing is the kind of business where you must keep going."

THE PURITY OF 'ASPRO'

conforms to the standard laid down by the British Pharmacopoeia — a guiding authority of the Medical Profession.

**SWIFT!
CERTAIN!
SAFE!
SOOTHING!**

NO 'AFTER-EFFECTS' with 'ASPRO'

Does not harm
HEART
or
STOMACH



Nicholas Product

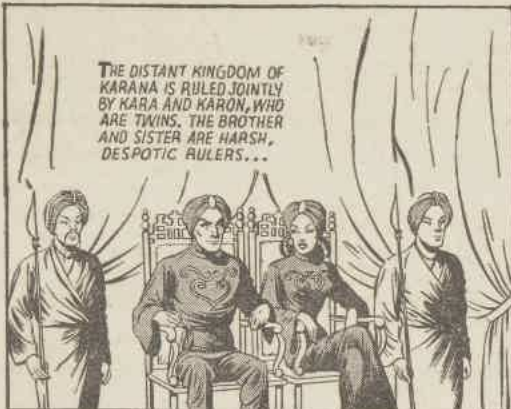
A15/49

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, together with lovely **PRINCESS NARDA:** Escaped from the undersea country of Atalan. First wrecking the magnetic machinery, they got to the surface in a diving bell, and reached

the ship **JASON.** The crew and **SKIPPER BLAINE:** Welcome them, but are not told the story, as Mandrake thinks it would never be believed. The **JASON** steams away and, after many weeks, reaches the land of the kingdom of **Karana.** NOW READ ON:



THE DISTANT KINGDOM OF KARANA IS RULED JOINTLY BY KARA AND KARON, WHO ARE TWINS. THE BROTHER AND SISTER ARE HARSH, DESPOTIC RULERS...



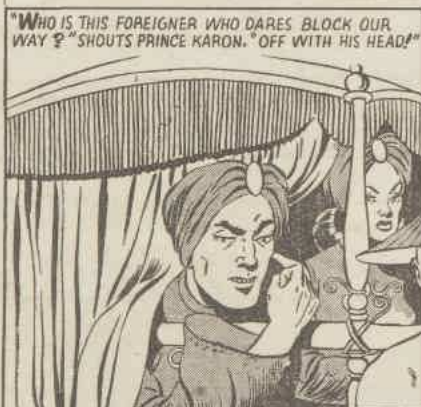
THE S.S. JASON ARRIVES AT KARANA TO TAKE ON SUPPLIES. MANDRAKE, NARDA, AND LOTHAR TAKE A WALK TO SEE SOME OF THE SIGHTS IN THIS BARBARIC CAPITAL--THEY HEAR AN UPROAR...



PRINCE KARON AND PRINCESS KARA APPROACH. GUARDS, ARMED WITH CRUEL WHIPS, CLEAR THE WAY THROUGH THE CROWD. THEY ARE ALWAYS FOLLOWED BY AN EXECUTIONER--TO IMPRESS THE PEOPLE WITH THEIR POWER!



A GUARD LASHES AT MANDRAKE--THE MAGICIAN GESTURES AND....



"WHO IS THIS FOREIGNER WHO DARES BLOCK OUR WAY?" SHOUTS PRINCE KARON. "OFF WITH HIS HEAD!"



IN A TWINKLING, A CHOPPING BLOCK IS PLACED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET.--"WILL YOU KNEEL DOWN, OR WOULD YOU PREFER IT STANDING UP?" ASKS THE EXECUTIONER, WITH GRIM HUMOR.



AS NARDA WATCHES, HORRIFIED, HE KNEELS....



THE MAGICIAN GESTURES--THE EXECUTIONER STARES--"TAKE YOUR PICK," SAYS MANDRAKE. "BUT REMEMBER ONLY ONE TRY."

TO BE CONTINUED

SUBTLE SKIN

Flattery



Concealing smoothness of "Top-Tone" Shade Control keeps your complexion faultless for hours



One make-up with fragrant "Three Flowers" gives your complexion warm, youthful radiance, enhancing your natural skin tonings... a soft-as-satin smoothness that subtly conceals tiny skin flaws... that clings like a delicate veil of loveliness. And with "Three Flowers" special "Top-Tone" ingredient, the entrancing shade you wear remains unchanged for hours--whether your skin be oily or dry. Your favourite supplier has "Three Flowers" readily available. Ask for it to-day.

three flowers

FACE POWDER

Companions in Glamour... Lipstick, Rouge, Creams, Brilliantine, Hair, Perfume.



CREATIONS OF RICHARD HUDNUT

IF 4A, 62, 49



A handy, small jar of Rexona Ointment is an absolute necessity in every bathroom cupboard.

COVERING THE WOUND ISN'T ENOUGH! Infection starts right under that skin-break. Why give it a chance? Apply Rexona Ointment generously to your usual dry dressing. Rexona goes deep and heals quickly at the point where infection starts.

0.93.62



Dull, damaged hair . . . difficult to set? Then use the miraculous Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse after every shampoo. It leaves hair soft, lustrous, and gleaming with high-lights you've never noticed before. And never before has your hair been so manageable and easy to set. A true reconditioning treatment for hair, and scalp as well. Try it, and be delighted with the quick improvement.

**Richard Hudnut
CREME
RINSE**

At all chemists and leading department stores . . . 8/6



CRI-51

**Her Finger-Tips
Lift out Corns**

Good Advice to Sufferers on How to Withstand Corns so They Come Out Easily and Painlessly.

"Yes, she was bothered with hard, throbbing, burning corns—but they didn't last long," said her friend. If you are suffering from corns—take my advice and put a drop of Frosol-Ice on them. Pain will go quickly—and the corn will wither up and then you can lift it out with your finger-tips. Get a bottle of Frosol-Ice to-day from your nearest chemist and get rid of corns—core and all.

STRIKING while the iron was sizzling, Bill said, "Now, how about setting the date for a wedding?"

Sally said, "Bill, I think I do love you, really. Only—I told Ernest I wouldn't make a final decision until I see him again to-morrow night. I've got to be fair to Ernest." She added: "He does need me so much."

"And I don't, I suppose?" Bill did feel sorry for Ernest. But not half as sorry as he would feel for himself if he lost Sally.

"I won't even phone you until Sunday," he said nobly.

He didn't, either. One reason was that he went down with a heavy attack of flu, which gave Ernest a clear field for ten days and Bill plenty of time to reflect on just how nice a chap Ernest was, besides having so many material advantages.

The first day Bill was up, Sally came over with Kathleen. The dog leaped enthusiastically at Bill, and wrestled joyfully with him for a while, leaving him finally weak and very dishevelled.

"Perhaps it's the after-effects of flu," Bill said, "but did you exchange her for an older dog?"

"Certainly not," said Sally. "She's just growing."

"That's an understatement," Bill said. "I wonder if she is part pony?"

"Bill, I've got to go away for a couple of weeks," said Sally. "My eighty-year-old aunt has sent for me. She wants to go into business matters concerning her estate, and I'm the only relative she trusts."

"I'll go with you," said Bill. "It can be part of our honeymoon."

"You've got to stay here," said Sally. "You're supposed to work for a living."

"I'll take another week off."

"The point is," said Sally, looking dangerously soft and sweet. "I thought you might take care of Kathleen for me. She could easily move in with Penny and Tuppence."

Bill looked at Kathleen. She came over and got on to his lap. A few legs hung over the edge of the chair and her chin rested on the arm, but her main portion was really on his lap. Her tail waved and tickled his left ear.

Just a Little Havoc

Continued from page 9

"Why doesn't Ernest take her?" he asked.

"Ernest doesn't love her," said Sally. "Ernest says she's a nuisance. She's cutting her teeth, Bill, and you know how they chew things when they're teething."

"Yes," said Bill. "I know."

"It wasn't her fault they were Ernest's best trousers."

"Definitely not. But what were they doing at your house?"

"Oh, Ernest was in them," she said.

"I'll take her," said Bill.

Bill had a cottage, fortunately, and a nice, wired-in patch of grass for his cockers. It really wouldn't be any trouble to have a third dog for a while.

He let Penny and Tuppence into the house and Kathleen bounded over to welcome them by swinging wildly on their ears. Penny growled and Tuppence bit her. Kathleen screamed and fell on her back, paws held helplessly up in the air. Her eyes were sadder than any tragedy queen's.

Bill explained to the cockers, "Kathleen is a guest. You must be very kind and polite to her. She is sensitive, you can see that."

The first day, Bill put the three dogs out into their pen. Kathleen loped around waving her amiable tail, and then leaped lightly over the shoulder-high wire-netting.

Penny and Tuppence did not follow, so she jumped back and urged them on. Penny tried hard, but fell back and twisted a tendon, which resulted in her limping for a week.

In the end, Kathleen had to open the gate for them, which she managed quite simply by jumping on the latch. Then they all three set out for parts unknown.

Bill was busy matching up the various pairs of shoes Kathleen had retrieved from the wardrobe, and missed seeing them set off. But he did hear the phone ring.

"Bill, your spaniels are over here," said Beth Basset, "and they've got

another dog with them. They're completely exhausted."

"I'm coming over right away," said Bill. "Hold on to them."

They had come into contact with a considerable amount of water somewhere and were three very sodden dogs when he got them home. By the time they were cleaned up and dry, it was tea-time.

"I feel that the kennel outside is the place for you, Kathleen," Bill told her.

He put down three bowls of food, double for Kathleen, and sat down to his own modest meal.

He turned to pour out his coffee, and when he turned back a large muzzle was resting eagerly at the edge of his plate. Kathleen was tall enough to rest her elbows on the table and really take part in the meal. Bill shut her in the back room for discipline and sat down once more.

After he had finished his meal, he put the dogs out while he got ready for bed. He was still shaky from his flu. He would get to bed early with a new mystery novel and have a nice, long rest.

As he opened his bedroom window he leaned out and saw Penny and Tuppence. They would play outside for half an hour or so and then bark at the back door when they wanted to come in.

The bed felt wonderful to his aching bones. He turned the first page of his book and settled back happily. Then he heard a noise and looked up. There was a face at the window.

It was the face of Kathleen O'Reilly. Standing on tiptoe, she rested her chin on the sill and looked at him thoughtfully. Muddy paws clung to the clean white paint.

"Now look," said Bill, "you go out and play with the others."

A look of exquisite pleasure came into her eyes at the sound of his voice. Her mouth opened in a happy smile. The next minute she bounded in through the window and flung herself on to him, together with a good deal of garden dirt.

A page opened from its hold on

HOW TO FIND A HOME

No section of any newspaper is scanned more anxiously to-day than that which advertises homes to let or for sale, and there is no more comprehensive cover of properties offering than that shown in the Classified Advertising section of the Daily Telegraph each Wednesday.

Many families urgently in need of housing have found what they wanted through this section. Its columns feature:—

• Real Estate and Businesses for Sale.

• Auction Sales.

• Businesses for Sale or Wanted.

• Flats To Let or Wanted to Rent.

• Houses and Land Wanted to Buy or Sell.

• Station and Country Properties For Sale.

These columns are well worth watching for bargains and investments of all kinds and serve as a valuable guide to current values.

Make sure you have the Daily Telegraph each Wednesday morning and be first in the market for the home, flat, business, or property you want.

the back of the book and fluttered away. Positively radiant, Kathleen began hopping up and down on the bed.

Bill got up. He let in Penny and Tuppence. He had an extra cocker bed in the garage, and he went out and brought it in.

"That's yours," he said. "Get in."

Kathleen got in. A good deal of her hung over the edges of the bed, but she didn't mind.

Bill went back to bed and dreamed he was living with an Arabian pony.

"No," he said to himself next morning, "you're not a practical proposition, and sooner or later Sally will have to realise it."

She came in just then, carrying her feeding-dish in a suggestive manner. So he stopped working to make her another of those endless meals.

Please turn to page 41

JOIN THOUSANDS OF SATISFIED USERS . . .

**Prove for yourself
that New Persil washes
whitest, brightest, easiest!**

Persil better in 3 wonderful ways!

1 BETTER RESULTS
THE NEW PERSIL WHITE
IS WHITER THAN
EVER BEFORE

PERSIL-WASHED
COLOURS ARE THE
BRIGHTEST, RICHEST
YOU'VE EVER SEEN!

2 SO EASY TO USE!

Simply sprinkle New Persil
into the water—swirl
with the hand and those
obscure, charred spots
are ready for work.

**3 KIND TO FABRICS—
SO GENTLE TO HANDS!**

New Persil is kind,
safe, for your clothes
and that means gentle-
ness to your hands!

GET NEW BETTER-THAN-EVER PERSIL — See the EXTRA DAZZLE in all your wash!

THE third week, Sally wired she was coming home and please would Bill come to the station to meet her. The train was due at six-thirty, so Bill got home early and fed the dogs. Then he suddenly remembered that he had to see Mrs. Datchet's jersey cow. He got into the car and drove off. He'd have to come home afterwards and change before going to meet Sally. On the way back to the house he saw Ernest—looking very young and spruce in his best suit—come out of his home and get into his car.

Bill clenched his teeth and trod on the accelerator. It was essential he get to the station before Ernest, to whisk Sally away first. It looked as though she had wired Ernest, too.

Penny and Tuppence were asleep in the kitchen when he arrived back, but there wasn't a sign of Kathleen. The back door was open.

Bill rushed out into the garden calling loudly. Then he came back and hunted through the house . . . even in the wardrobes. He faced the fact: She had run away. He would miss the train, Ernest would be there. Sally's homecoming would be a wonderful triumph for Ernest.

Meanwhile, here he was and Kathleen was out, probably on the main road, heedless, excitable, and running like a gazelle. He dashed to the car and drove along honking his horn (for she knew it perfectly) and leaning out to shout every three minutes.

A cold sickness rose in him. Sally would never forgive him. But over and above that dreadful emotion was the terrible fear for Kathleen.

She was so friendly, she loved the whole world. Anybody could steal her; he would never see her again. Or she might be lying by the roadside, mangled.

The sun was setting. He turned the car back to the house, his hands shaking on the wheel. Better ring up the police and tell them. Then he'd go out and search again.

He returned to the house and went straight to his room. The door wouldn't open and he wrenched at the knob. It turned all right, but the door wouldn't budge.

Just a Little Havoc

Continued from page 40

Kathleen fell out, delirious with joy.

"So there you are!" said a voice. Bill looked round Kathleen's ear and there was Sally.

"You wouldn't even meet me," she accused, her voice trembling, "and not a word of explanation either!"

Bill wiped the grass and sticks out of his hair and laid down the hammer. "I was busy," he began. "Kathleen—"

"Oh," said Sally, "and how is my darling rose?" She held out her arms. Kathleen waved a polite flag of greeting, but stayed where she was on Bill's knee so he couldn't get up very easily.

"Your darling rose," said Bill, "your darling rose!"

He got up then and Kathleen sat on his foot and looked up at him with passionate adoration.

Bill looked down. He was boiling like a cauldron with all kinds of emotions.

Then he heard a squeaking—like a rusty hinge. He stopped, paralysed. For whenever Kathleen woke up from a sleep and yawned, her yawn ended in exactly that long, rusty squeak.

"Kathleen!" he shouted. A heavy body flung itself against the other side of the door.

She was in his room—with the rest of his clothes . . . or what was left of them. Now he realised what must have happened. She had gone in at the open door, with Ethel, the woman who cleaned for him, who had forgotten about her. Then, when Ethel had left the room, she had banged the door shut and the spring had broken, so that the handle turned round but the door refused to open.

Kathleen barked and lunged at the door again.

"Sit still!" shouted Bill, "I'm coming!"

He ran outside and went round to his bedroom window. Through it, Kathleen's face peered out at him with love and interest. He tried to open the window, but that, of course, had a neat little catch spring inside. Bill ran down to the garage for screw-drivers and a hammer.

Kathleen was becoming lonely. She barked and began to claw the panes. Penny and Tuppence barked too just to be in on things.

The train must have arrived by now and been met by Ernest. Bitterly, Bill removed the side frames and got the window itself out on the grass.



"Well, I was going to say that for wearability, style, and price, you can't beat these hand-knitted ties at ten shillings each."

"You can have Ernest if you want him," he said, "I have finished for good playing cat-and-mouse games."

Sally was suddenly pale, her eyes wide and frightened. "You—don't love me any more!" she whispered. "I love you all right," he said, "but you can't have your cake and eat it too. This is the last time I ever ask you to marry me, and it's not some day, or next year or next June."

"Why . . . Bill . . ."

"And I may as well tell you," he said, fiercely, "you can take your choice between Ernest and me, but you can't have Kathleen too—unless you take me."

Sally said, "Bill, are you all right? What do you mean? And what are you doing with that window out?"

Bill dropped his hand and Kathleen kissed it.

"And what do you mean I can't have Kathleen? She's my dog!"

"Not any more," said Bill firmly. "She belongs to me. I," he said grandly, "am training her. She needs me."

He looked at Sally, whose mouth started to curve.

"And as for that," he waved at the window, "Kathleen likes to go in and out that way."

"Bill," said Sally, "do you love me—still?"

"Sally," said Bill, "are you or are you not going to marry me?"

She flung herself into his arms. "Oh, Bill, I knew as soon as I got out of the train and there was nobody there but Ernest! I knew that nobody mattered except you—for always!"

While he kissed her, Kathleen sat with her forepaws folded, her eyes glared wistfully to the ground, her tail moving. Butter would not have melted in her mouth.

"I know I can make you happy," murmured Bill, after a long silence, "even if we never have a lot of money."

"It's going to be wonderful," sighed Sally dreamily, "and besides, it doesn't cost so very much."

"What doesn't cost so very much?" "Breeding Irish setters," said Sally.

(Copyright)

EFFECTIVE PROTECTION

Only an effective long-lasting deodorant and anti-perspirant will satisfy your standards of grooming . . . Choose ODO-RO-NO cream. One application of ODO-RO-NO stops safely and surely underarm perspiration and odour for as long as 1 to 3 days.

ODO-RO-NO does not irritate the skin
ODO-RO-NO does not stain clothes
ODO-RO-NO does not dry in the fur
Millions of women enjoy this complete protection. Apply



ODO-RO-NO
THE PERFECT CREAM DEODORANT

A.O.M.

Your Glamour

- How to dress with glamorous appeal—
- How to dress children attractively—
- How to have a gay, inviting home—

with

GILSEAL DYES

For a few pence. Ask your Chemist. He, like 3000 other Chemists throughout Australia, gives his technical advice

FREE

Order next week's copy to-day for sure!

. . . Because Tuesday next

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

presents its **72 page SPECIAL ISSUE**

— the biggest since before the war!

72 Pages for the Regular Price of



The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

72 PAGES

All the usual features plus these specials:

- "Windsors At Home"—Australian scoop! . . . Color camera catches Duke and Duchess of Windsor in their Paris home.
- "Famous Women"—Story of Marie Curie, discoverer of radium—and of her love for her husband.
- "Royal Baby's Birthday"—Latest news of Prince Charles!
- "Hellzapoppin!"—Two pages of lively pictures of Olsen and Johnson's crazy stage show in which the audience takes part in the fun.
- "Fiction"—Three entertaining short stories and our thrilling Australian serial, "Poison in the House," by A. E. Martin.

A FORMER SUFFERER TELLS HOW
HE NOW GETS

Positive Protection from Fleas



"A sensitive chap like me resents a flea family making him Home Sweet Home. Fortunately, I'm an intelligent fellow. Soon as I pick up a flea or two from one of my more careless colleagues, I remind The Old Man about the Mortein Powder. I sit in his line of vision and scratch for dear life. Pronto The Old Man reaches for the tin of Mortein with one hand and for me with the other. In a couple of 'shakes' it's all over—for the flea, that is. If you've got a dog he'll appreciate Mortein, too."



MORTEIN

INSECT POWDER

Certain death to insect pests

WHEN YOU'RE ON A GOOD THING . . . STICK TO IT!

37-48

'4711' ways to keep FRESH



- Start or end the day with the exhilaration of an after-bath '4711' Eau de Cologne friction.
- To relieve that headache moisten a handkerchief with '4711' Eau de Cologne and lay it on the forehead.
- When work is tiring or your head stuffy sprinkle '4711' Eau de Cologne in cupped hands and inhale the fragrant bouquet.
- For a quick freshener, touch on the wrists, behind the ears and on the nape of the neck with '4711' Eau de Cologne.

PRICES: 5/9, 9/11, 17/6, 26/3, 30/3, 42/9, 112/6.

four seven eleven
4711 eau de cologne
BLUE AND GOLD LABEL

Made in England by R. J. Reuter Company Ltd., Slough, England.
SOLE AGENT: Robert Blau (Australia) G.P.O. Box 4711, Sydney.

TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ Edward, My Son

IT is a long time since Spencer Tracy and Deborah Kerr have been seen to better advantage than as husband and wife in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's version of the Robert Morley-Noel Langley play, "Edward, My Son."

Obviously, the play in which distinguished actor and co-author Robert Morley is currently appearing in Sydney has not been transferred to the screen without certain alterations to the original structural form, and criticisms are inevitable.

But judged purely from the point of screen entertainment, the studio has undoubtedly produced a powerful film in which it combines three important ingredients for audience appeal—first-rate acting, clever dialogue, and good photography.

It is not necessary to go into the ramifications of the plot. It is fairly well known by now to hinge on one strong character and his unswerving determination that his son shall have all the advantages in life, irrespective of the sacrifice involved, or the unfortunate effect on a person indulged from birth.

Of course, the audience never sees Edward.

Spencer Tracy is consistently skilful as the tough, ruthless, unscrupulous man who makes a meteoric ascent into big business circles. It's strong-man stuff, but he plays the part with overwhelming honesty, and you are not unsympathetic in spite of it all.

Deborah Kerr as his wife, driven to the depths of despair and finally to heavy drinking, is superb throughout, and she has never before given so fine a performance as in the concluding scenes as a hopeless dipsomaniac.

As the family doctor who comes to love Miss Kerr, Ian Hunter is charming and sympathetic. Mervyn Johns, Leueen MacGrath, James Donald, and Felix Aylmer are well cast in supporting roles.

In Sydney—the Liberty.

★★★ Come To The Stable

THE work and ideals of two nuns are used as a background for this Fox film, which concerns itself chiefly with blind faith, childlike simplicity, and disarming ingenuity.

Adapted from a story written by Clare Boothe Luce, who is an ardent convert to Catholicism, "Come to the Stable" brings to the mind earlier Bergman and Crosby productions based on a similar theme.

From an entertainment viewpoint this picture has charm, but the story has neither the character nor quality to put it in the same class as those successes.

The opening scene shows two devout nuns, Sister Margaret (Loretta Young) and Sister Scolastica (Celeste Holm), who have left their French abbey, trudging through the snow towards a little New England town named Bethlehem, where they hope to establish a children's hospital.

There, in a converted stable, they meet and are given refuge by an artist, Miss Potts, a vague character "haunted" by Elsa Lanchester with the utmost effect.

From this haven the nuns set about securing the land, building, and finance necessary to make their dream real, aided by gentle blandishment and unflagging purpose.

Loretta Young and Celeste Holm as the hard-working duo are sincere and dignified. A light touch is given by the former driving a jeep at breakneck speed. Celeste as a one-time champion tennis player

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars — below average.

picks up a tennis racket to help the cause when it looks like failing.

From the long list of supporting players, pleasant-voiced Hugh Marlow, Thomas Gomez as the generous mobman, and Dooley Wilson, a cheerful dorkie, are most prominent. In Sydney—the Mayfair.

★★ To Live In Peace

CONTINENTAL films continue to live up to their established high standard of entertainment.

Though not as noteworthy as some predecessors, the Italian film "To Live in Peace" retains the qualities of realism, simplicity, and human warmth with which European producers seem to imbue their themes, and occasionally it is truly touching.

The story concerns two Americans—played by non-professionals, John Kitzmiller as the wounded negro, and Gar Moore as his buddy. Escaped from a P.O.W. camp, they seek refuge in a small Italian village from Nazi pursuers, and are thrust upon a troubled local family, which is terrified by threatened reprisals.

Aldo Fabrizi, who did such a magnificent job of acting as the priest in "Open City," is memorable here as the robust, earth and peace loving peasant, who is unintentionally betrayed by one of the men whom he shelters.

There is well-sustained tension in the scene in which the villagers flee to nearby mountains with their household belongings and cattle to escape Nazi punishment. They are rescued by the last-minute entry of American troops.

Fabrizi also collaborated on the scenario, and therein lies the film's basic weakness. Everything from straight-out slapstick to tragedy has been thrown into the story, and they don't always mix smoothly.

Dialogue is Italian, with occasional snatches in English and English sub-titling. The life of the village is faithfully depicted against colorful provincial scenery, and there is some lovely photography.

In Sydney—the Savoy.

★ Britannia Mews

FIRST of the new schedule of Fox British productions, "Britannia Mews" is a good old-fashioned melodrama that gets off to a shaky start and thereafter never quite settles down to reality.

Told partly in the first person, it's the tale of a girl of good family who marries her art tutor, is ostracised by her people, and in trying to help him rise above worldly surroundings becomes involved in all sorts of drama.

Lovely Maureen O'Hara plays the hapless Adelaide Culver, and Dana Andrews has the dual role of her drunken husband, Henry, wearing a shaggy hairdo and beard, and the more streamlined Gilbert Landerdale.

He does not seem to be entirely happy in either role.

Adelaide has most of her bad moments at the hands of repulsive Mews dweller, the Sow, played by Dame Sybil Thorndike in a manner that lifts the story out of its sentimental doldrums.

Others in the cast are Fay Compton, Anne Butchart, Diane Hart, and Anthony Faucett. In Sydney—the Century.

WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE SAYING, BOB DYER?



"I've found it, customers . . . I've really found it—the miniature camera that anyone can use like an expert. Photos prove the DUCA Camera scope blanks and double-exposures. Two well-known professional photographers tested it and found the same answer. So I said to myself, 'Bob, old boy, what better price for winners in my Saturday Night "Atlantic" Show than one of these amazing DUCA Cameras?' And, customers, I'm asking you the same question. The best answer is to get one of these new super low-priced 35 mm. cameras and see for yourself. 24/12/6, all chemicals and camera accessories. See it now!"

DUCA
35 mm. CAMERA

Be fashion right
Keep your white shoes & accessories snow white.

KIWI WHITE

makes shoes
• look smarter
• last longer
• keep whiter

Get a tube today—Kiwi is all cleaner, it's handy to apply and doesn't rub off easily.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR EASILY REMOVED AT HOME



Hundreds of women are overjoyed at the way the famous Swedish Wax Peppermint removes unwanted hair, without discomfort, leaving the skin clean, velvet, baby-smooth, and lovely. Successfully removes stubble hairs in a few seconds. The hair comes right off—no more shaving, waxing, or plucking. Superior to all known methods. No stinging, no itching, no "haved off" look. Pure, safe, natural ingredients—no toxic chemicals. Absolutely non-irritating. Sold in Money-back Guarantee for only 12/6, post free. Send money order obtainable at any P.O. today to: Dept. 4, Southern Gilbey Co., 4 Rindell St., Wellington, N.Z.

Wanted! Doctor for Hospital

"A doctor is urgently needed for a hospital and district at the Bush Church Aid Society in Western South Australia."

Particulars on application to the Organising Minister, Bush Church Aid Society, Church House, George Street, Sydney. M2184.

A BOX OF WINN
MARZIPAN CHOCOLATES
for only 2/6

FUNNYMAN



JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

Comedian LARRY DAVIS disguises himself as FUNNYMAN, using trick gadgets in his reversible suit to fight crime. LOLA LEEDS, wealthiest woman in the world, gets Larry to amuse guests at a party. If he makes them laugh, he will be paid, if not, he gets nothing. Lola has told them not to laugh, but when Larry makes Lola jump with an electric buzzer they do. He refuses the money, and Lola slaps him.

*As I Read
the
STARS*
by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): November 4, 6, and 8 are favorable, especially for all matters to do with finance and your material welfare generally. This week could give you a lift that you may have needed for a long time.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): Your aspects are good from November 3 to 8, and favor love, courtships, engagements, and marriage, also your contact with others generally. Use caution on November 2 with regard to business and signing documents.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): One of your best weeks for career matters and any work involving enterprise and original methods, with November 4 and 5 good and November 6 and 8 excellent. Very bright for travel.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Your adverse days are November 2 and 7, and your good days November 4, 5, 6, and 8. You could gain in some quite unexpected way in matters close to your heart, and there should be sudden romance for some.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): This week is important for all domestic affairs. Events during November 4 to 8 could allow you to make desirable changes and a fresh beginning, which may entail a move or a journey.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Your mind should be particularly active during November 4, 5, 6, and 8, and you may confidently assert your personality in any matters involving interviews, literary work, or travel. A week of increased energy and quick perception.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): The aspects this week are excellent for business, and if you apply your talents skillfully from November 3 to 8 you should be able to increase your income or acquire some new possessions. November 2 is adverse.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): A week when dreams can be realised if you use your initiative and personal magnetism, especially during November 4, 6, and 8. Luck is with you, so push all personal plans ahead.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Your position could be improved this week through sources not apparent or expected, such as wills, legacies, gifts, lotteries, or the handling of secret or confidential matters. Your best dates are November 4 to 8.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Sudden or unexpected benefits could occur this week through old friends or new contacts. Choose November 4, 6, and 8 for social activity and important events.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Set your ideals and ambitions high this week, for change and improvement are near at hand. November 4, 5, and 6 are your luckiest days, with November 8 a good runner-up. Adverse day is November 2.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): This week favors higher intellectual activities, as well as travel, journeys, and distant affairs. Friends and relatives are well disposed. Best dates November 3, 4, 6, and 8.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.]

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 268-274 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.





Well-dressed
Legs
Wear

HILTON

Inspiration
pure-silk
chiffon
sheers

Different from
any other
stockings these
famous sheers
have a magic "twist"
which gives them
extra sheerness
and wear.

Ask to see the two
gay new Spring shades —
"Sun Gold" and
"Coral Beige"
in **HILTON**

Inspiration

Lovely to look at—Lovelier to wear.

H 281/1



A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH of Marlene Dietrich shows her with an amused, quizzical look for interviewers at a Press conference at her London hotel. News spread quickly that the glamorous grandmother was there, and crowds seen in the background gathered outside.

Dietrich stars in British thriller

By cable from London

Marlene Dietrich is in residence at Claridges. While she is here she reigns undisputedly over the film industry.

By comparison with her, the sultans, moguls, and rajahs who pass through the foyer after emerging from enormous limousines with their exotic wives suddenly look like film extras.

MARLENE'S 60-guinea suite is full of all-white flowers. Arum lilies look down on you, white carnations nod primly, lily-of-the-valley and white chrysanthemums give pallid greeting.

There are books of poetry in English, French, German. Several of Salvador Dali's dream pictures share the space with paintings by Picasso; and there are music folios of Stravinsky and Toscanini.

Marlene remains aloof in her court and rarely has to answer the white telephone. When it does ring with an invitation she wards it off with a nonchalant, dismissive charm.

Is she shy? I think so, behind the pale-blue eyes and the shadowy smile and the air of complete composure.

Her mind dwells on inner mysteries. Marlene is an enigma.

Since she has been filming here in "Stage Fright" she has accepted only three invitations. She went to Elsie Randolph's, to Cecil Beaton's (he is one of the few who know her well); and to Noel Coward's. Coward insults her amiably and with wit, which she loves.

Some hostesses have consoled themselves with the reflection that if Marlene had accepted their invitation her presence may have swamped the party and put some other very pretty noses out of joint.

For when Miss Dietrich comes in with that curious shoulder-throwing stride she dazzles and dominates a room to an almost frightening degree. Marlene draws the limelight infallibly and appears bored but resigned to this fate.

It is useless for the beauties of Mayfair to console themselves with the thought that Marlene is a grandmother, that she is forty-six, and coos across the Atlantic telephone for costly hours getting news

of her three-month-old grandson from her daughter in New York.

Her figure is as lissom as ever. Her waist still measures 22 inches. Time seems to be making a special exception for a very special beauty. Her hips are still a youthful 36, bust 34. And well, as for her legs... ageless and unchanging, they will be seen to great advantage again in "Stage Fright."

For the Dietrich role is that of a musical comedy star, singing, shaking a leg, and wearing Christian Dior creations worth a total of £4000. These fatal charms inspire someone to murder her husband, and the new British male idol, Richard Todd, is accused of the crime.

Comedy moments

THE accent in this Hitchcock thriller is less on psychoses and complexes than before, and there is even a vein of comedy.

Alfred Hitchcock, a man not given to overstatement, called Marlene "the supreme motion picture being." She is perfect clay for a director, intent on what he tells her, comprehending and obedient.

She knows the film industry as completely as any actress, for it is nearly a quarter of a century since her famous "Blue Angel," made in Germany with Emil Jannings, scored its international triumph. She has come to know film-making's most intimate technicalities.

When she strolls into a studio one of her first glances is for the lighting set-up; she seems to give it one impassive glance which memorises where every shadow angle will fall as she moves in front of the camera.

Quite often Marlene drops a suggestion. On one film the camera crew awarded her a penny a time for hints like this. That was on an old one, "The Garden of Allah."

When it was finished she had 3/6

in pennies clinking heavily in the enormous handbag she has always carried.

In place of the self-consciousness of her early days—Marlene hadn't by any means outgrown it during the period when she took to trousers and men's jackets and sported huge dark glasses—in place of all that has come a silence and an enigmatic wisdom that confounds the most self-possessed of her leading men.

One of them was heard to complain uneasily: "She always looks as though she knows too much. I fall over my own feet whenever I come up and talk to her."

But for those composed few who know her and can accept the mysterious Marlene like just another human being there are great rewards. Her humor is sly and delicious, and she can talk intelligently and provocatively on almost any controversy that you like to haul into the discussion, from existentialism to Balkan politics.

The Dietrich moods are somewhat disconcerting. Sometimes she giggles quietly at a joke. She has a devastating talent for mimicry, but often she has bouts of melancholy, broods among her frigid white flowers, and smokes endlessly through long white cardboard holders, which she throws away with each cigarette.

One of Marlene's most amusing inner mysteries came to light during the war, when for a time she dropped the cloak of glamor and mystery and toured to give shows among the soldiers. She washed her own smalls in buckets, trudged around in khaki slacks, and carried with her an odd-shaped box.

Only under the spell of the easy comradeship of the G.I.'s did she open it and yield up, with a laugh, its 25-year-old secret... a musical saw.

From this melancholy instrument, in the privacy of her own room, she used to wheedle squeaky, plaintive melodies. She played it for the boys.

The recital may not have been her greatest technical triumph as an entertainer, but as a gallant attempt to lift the veil of shy mystery and show the human Marlene Dietrich, it was her greatest success.

Lovely American to wed Marquess of Milford Haven

● These color photographs of the Marquess of Milford Haven and his American fiancée, Mrs. Romaine Dahlgren Pierce Simpson, were taken specially by Court photographer Baron for the announcement of their engagement.



Two charming people

WORLD-WIDE interest in the wedding plans of American Mrs. Romaine Dahlgren Pierce Simpson and the Marquess of Milford Haven, England's most eligible bachelor since the marriage of his cousin Prince Philip, is not all due to the fact that he is a second cousin of the King.

Lord Milford Haven's wedding is big news because he inherited a goodly portion of that indefinable charm which is the birthright of the Mountbatten family.

Pictures of the bride indicate that she, too, has charm and is a handsome woman. Her future mother-in-law, the Marchioness of Milford Haven, has announced "entire approval of her son's choice" and her intention to attend the wedding.

The Marquess of Milford Haven was expected to marry a titled heiress. His name has been coupled with a cross-section of beautiful girls and women occupying varying places in society. At one time it was linked by gossip writers with that of Princess Margaret.

His bride, whose ancestors figure in early American history, says: "I'm quite comfortably off, the money is my own."

The Australian Women's Weekly,
November 5, 1949 — Page 45

Craven A
are so much more
satisfying . . .



I've tried many kinds of cigarettes, and to my mind Craven "A" are outstanding. If you're a sensitive smoker, you'll appreciate their extra quality instantly.

They never Vary!
CRAVEN "A"



The largest selling cork-tipped cigarette in the world.

CARRERAS LIMITED — OVER 150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

NEW! ...a cream deodorant

which safely **STOPS**
under-arm **PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odors from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arid has been awarded the Approval Seal of an international institute of laundering for being harmless to fabric.

Small jars 1/-; large jars 2/3

ARRID THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT



UNWANTED HAIR
goes in **3 minutes**

No more worry with superfluous hair! Veet ends this trouble in 3 minutes. No ugly razor stubble or shadow, yet every trace of hair is gone and your skin left white and velvety smooth. Just apply Veet hair removing cream straight from the tube. After 3 minutes wash it off. Not a trace of hair remains. Skin is left cool and smooth as if no ugly hair had ever existed. Get a tube of Veet today. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.

VEET CREAM

Supplies available at all Chemists & Stores 2/6 per tube



1 DIAMONDS hidden in prohibited area and revenge for brutal treatment by company police commandant lure ex-guide Mike Davis (Burt Lancaster) back to Diamantesberg, South African gem-bearing desert.



2 TO LOCATE diamond cache, commandant, Vogel (Paul Henreid), and mine manager, Martingale (Claude Rains), hire alluring Suzanne Renaud (Corinne Calvet).

ROPE OF SAND . . .



3 INSTEAD, Suzanne falls for Mike. He remains distrustful, and ignores her warning that Vogel knows all about his plans.

HAL WALLIS' current thriller, "Rope of Sand," is a melodramatic story of adventuring among Africa's fabulous diamond fields.

Claude Rains, suave and silky mine manager, and Paul Henreid, brutal commandant of company police, are co-conspirators against Burt Lancaster, who knows from a previous visit the location of a vast diamond hoard.

Against this desert background, the film introduces Corinne Calvet, glamorous French girl, who has the role of Suzanne Renaud, a femme fatale of the diamond coast.

Peter Lorre and Sam Jaffe also appear in this Paramount production.



4 WHEN Mike is caught and tortured, to save his life Suzanne agrees to marry Vogel and reveal true gem location.



5 MEANWHILE, Mike decides to make use of Suzanne to trap Vogel. He gives her false map, attacks Vogel en route, forces him into prohibited area, and after terrific fight gets diamonds before crossing border to safety. Vogel is left stranded and afoot.



6 PROTECTING Suzanne from Vogel's rage, Dr. Hunter (Sam Jaffe) is killed by Vogel, who pins murder on Suzanne.



7 AGAINST his better judgment Mike returns to rescue Suzanne. He trades all but one large diamond for her freedom and enforces signed statement from Vogel freeing her from suspicion of crime.



8 CLEARED of responsibility for Vogel's death in gunfight engineered by Martingale, Mike joins ship for America. Suzanne is on board and they become reconciled.

Introducing

NYLEX PLASTIC GARDEN HOSE

at the new reduced price

New!
Super
Grade



TRADE MARK

This brand, with date of manufacture, is stamped on every hose.

MOULDED PRODUCTS (A'ASIA) LIMITED

- ▲ NEW REDUCED PRICE ★
- ▲ NEW ALL-ROUND FLEXIBILITY
- ▲ NEW MODERN APPEARANCE
- ▲ NEW SUPERFINE TEXTURE
- ▲ NEW ATTRACTIVE COLOURS



10½d. per foot, or 51/9 per 60 ft. length of ½ inch size.
1/10d. per foot, or 108/6 per 60 ft. length of ¾ inch size.
Obtainable everywhere.

NV 561

It's New in New York!
Now in AUSTRALIA!

* Associate product in America called "Rayce"



THE LATEST HOME PERMANENT WAVE

Yes! The latest and greatest Home Permanent is here at the same time as its sister product bursts upon the American scene. You can have this top glamour-giver simultaneously with American women in New York . . . Hollywood . . . San Francisco! And you'll be thrilled with the natural-looking waves and curls.

Guaranteed—a beautiful perm at far less than salon cost

A professional permanent wave costs anything up to £3/3/- for a full head. . . Now you can have a ravishing Crest Wave for 17/6 the first perm and 10/- ever after (by buying refills).

Even better, try the Crest PAIR-PLAN. Get together with a friend, buy one Crest Full Kit at 17/6 and one Crest Refill at 10/-, work together, share the cost . . . you'll each get your first Crest perm for only 13/9. And remember! A Crest Wave lasts as long as the most expensive salon perm.

Save time with Crest, so simple, so safe
You do it at home with two easy-to-use lotions—the Creme Waving Lotion forms the wave—the Finishing Lotion makes it permanent. There's no heat, no heavy equipment. And while Crest is "taking" you can move about the house as usual. Crest is absolutely safe, too. So gentle that it can be used on children's hair.

FREE! A Full Advisory Service

The "Crest Advisory Bureau" is staffed by experts in all branches of hairdressing. If you have any questions about your hair which may require special advice, please write to:

Anne Travers, Crest Advisory Bureau,
Box 3538, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

Crest...MADE IN AUSTRALIA BY REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED



THE RAGE OF PARIS—as we knew Danielle Darrieux in a popular pre-war film from Hollywood. The pouting lips and rounded eyes are still there, and in France she is still the rage.

Famous French star in period comedy

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in Paris

Danielle Darrieux is still The Rage of Paris—to borrow a title from one of her best-known Hollywood films.

With her pouting lips and big round eyes, Danielle is as much in demand as ever to make films in France, England, and in Hollywood.

BUT she won't go back to Hollywood—at least, not under a binding contract.

Instead, she would like to go to Australia.

"My husband and I have been talking about a voyage out there," she told me. "C'est un beau pays, n'est-ce-pas? A fine country, isn't it?"

She had to write down her husband's name for me. He is Georges Mitsikhides, a writer. He is her third husband.

I met Danielle on the set of "Look After Amelia," where she sat calmly in the midst of furious activity.

Her blonde wig was massed around her head like a gold beehive, and was decorated with two egret feathers. She looked as though she had been poured into a magnificent turquoise gown of 1910 vintage, décolleté, anti-waisted, and sewn with semi-precious stones. She sat stiffly, and turned her head gingerly, as though something might come undone, every time she spoke to me.

"Georges and I have just got a new house out at Louvicennes," she said, with her head at the right angle. "It's only fifteen minutes from the studio, and right now the plasterers are in redecorating it. In the meantime Georges and I sleep in the kitchen!"

"It's an all-white villa," she enthused. "There's a lovely park and a swimming-pool. In fact, it's the park with its grille gates and big trees that I fell in love with. I don't really mind how long the plasterers take while there is a garden one can live in, and the weather remains fine."

"My ambition now is to have a theatre of my own—as Louis Jouvet, Jean-Louis Barrault, and Pierre Fresnay have in Paris," Danielle went on. "My husband writes plays, but he is modest about his work. He wants to make his own way in the world as a playwright without the prestige of a star to boost his work. I respect a wish like that."



PATting her curls into place, Danielle leaves for the studio to star in "Look After Amelia."

"Georges keeps very much in the background. Whenever journalists come to our home he is out."

Danielle's first husband was a celebrated French director, Henri Decoin, to whom, she says, she owes everything.

"Don't think I'm being nostalgic or regretting anything now," she said. "It's just that he had great faith in me. He was my first love, and he made me into a star."

Her second husband was the handsome Brazilian diplomat, Porfirio Rubirosa.

It was difficult to believe Danielle Darrieux has been 15 years a star, except that while all that hysteria raged about her she maintained the monumental calm of a seasoned studio worker.

She was being directed by the

C.2.143g



DANIELLE DARRIEUX as she appears in her latest starring vehicle in France, "Look After Amelia." It is a period comedy set in 1910, adapted from a famous French play by Georges Feydeau.



VOLATILE French director, Claude Autant-Lara, and his wife, Chislaine, who was once his script-girl. Enfant terrible of French films, he dresses like a river bargee.



CATS are Danielle's passion, but she looks disapproving when her feline family climbs on to the table, which is set for lunch.



LEADING a quiet life, in her white villa at Louveciennes, fifteen minutes from the studio, Danielle still needs exercise to keep fit.

colorful Claude Autant-Lara, the enfant terrible of French films. He is short, rotund, and violent, dressed like a bargee in cloth cap, old crew-neck sweater, and baggy pants. The studio resounded with his shouting.

The pace was terrific. Technicians scrambled everywhere adjusting lamps, plugging in electric cables, shifting furniture, dabbing make-up on the artists.

"All right," yells Autant-Lara. "Let's go. Action!"

"Not ready," says a voice.

"Nom d'un chien," screams Autant-Lara. "What do you mean, not ready? Will you be ready next summer? Eh?"

He slumps down into a chair and broods. Then he pulls himself

together, and with desperate calm he inquires of everybody, "Ready? Right! Allez!"

Four times the actors had not said more than two words before he shouted "Cut!"

"Keep in your places and start again. Come on now. Hurry!"

One of the brightest directors in France, Autant-Lara works urgently, as though whipped by an unseen hand. He is out to defeat a legend that he is an expensive director; that he is highly paid for working slowly. Autant-Lara has not made a film since his magnificent "Le Diable au Corps," which starred a great young French actor, Gerard Philipe, and brought immense international prestige to them both.

Costly director

WITH the same scriptwriters, he set out this time to make a gay comedy, and, of course, chose Danielle Darrieux. He decided to adapt a famous French play by Feydeau called "Occupe-toi d'Amelia" — "Look after Amelia."

"We all had grand fun working it out," he said, wiping his brow and replacing his cap. "Everybody concerned became very excited about it."

But because of the expense of the production he had difficulty in interesting backers, and the project was dropped for a long time.

It is really to cut down heavy studio costs that Autant-Lara is working at such breakneck pace.

For "Look After Amelia" he has invented a technique to save time. The whole set, a magnificently rococo piece of the 1910 period, full of quilted aatin chaise-longues, palms, and grim pictures of bearded relations, has been divided into sections which are mounted on castors and pushed into place.

As soon as one scene is finished, Autant-Lara rushes across to a plan on a draughtsman's side table where the next camera set-up, with the respective section of the house concerned in it, is marked in.

Technicians trundle half a dining-room quickly into position, and the camera turns on to it. Before they are in position the little French director is back on the set waiting for them, urging them to hurry.

A hitch, and he throws his cap on to the ground and dances with impatience. He spares himself least of all.

From a corner, his wife, once his script-girl, watches him calmly. "When work is over for the day he is dead-beat," she says. "He exhausts himself completely."

The actors are not without spirit. Lucien Carette, a veteran comedian with a quiff plastered down on his forehead, is wuffling his lines through a walrus moustache.

"Faster, Carette," says Autant-Lara.

"I am a slow actor," replies Lucien Carette with dignity.

They roll the cameras.

A handsome young man with a wicked moustache, Jean Desailly, bounds into the room, halts, opens his mouth—no words come.

"Mon Dieu—I have forgotten," he says, clapping his head.

"Cut," says the director. "So—you couldn't learn your text?"

The young star Desailly looks at him witheringly. "How could I have forgotten it, if I had never learned it?" he asks.

That silences him.

"Okay," says Autant-Lara, a little wearily. "Action!"

Throughout the scene Danielle Darrieux, sits quietly. She merely covers a tiny yawn, pats her beehive coiffure, prepares sedately for action.



Lady Dudley

For that

Glow of Beauty

'Blush-Cleanse' your skin

Lady Dudley, one of the loveliest of England's younger peeresses, with the fairest of hair and hazel eyes, says: "I really enjoy caring for my face the new 'Blush-Cleanse' way with Pond's Cold Cream. It makes my skin feel so wonderfully soft and fresh . . . gives it a clean, glowing look."

HOW TO "BLUSH-CLEANSE"

1. Rouse your face with warm water. Dip deep into Pond's Cold Cream and swirl it in soft, creamy circles up over your face and throat. Tissue off.
2. Blush-rinse. Cream again with snowy soft Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl about 25 more creamy circles over your face. Tissue well.
3. Tingle your face with a splash of cold water. Blot dry.



RESULT: The freshest, softest face that ever looked back at you from your mirror! So every night — this complete Pond's "Blush-cleansing" . . . Every morning — for a bright awake look — a once-over "Blush-cleansing" with

Pond's Cold Cream
PC 9-5

This Name ON SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES Erin-Art

A PIONEER PRODUCT

IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

Made from finest quality, linen-finished sheetings, Erin-Art sheets and Erin-Art pillow cases keep their smooth texture and whiteness even after constant laundering.



53-48

FIRST PRIZE IN THE LOTTERY

will give you a thrill, but you can win Health and Happiness with a regular daily dose of R.U.R.—Nature's great cleanser and protector from diseases. R.U.R. is NOT a habit-forming drug. R.U.R. goes straight to the root of the trouble and purifies the bloodstream, making it alkaline and germ-resistant. Excess acids and toxins are washed away and every organ of your body is wonderfully refreshed. Best of all, R.U.R. keeps you free from all those complaints that attack the unwary—skin diseases, neuritis, lumbago, gout, stomach troubles, sciatica, rheumatism, constipation, liver troubles, gastritis, and many other common ailments. Better be SURE than SORRY. Start the day right by asking at your local chemist or store for the new 2/- "Ready-to-Take" packet of R.U.R. It spoons out like sugar.

Give Fortune brushware

for Christmas day
and for Everyday

A FORTUNE brush
is a splendid gift;

One sure to be appreciated, both when it is
received and all through its long, long life.

Brushing is GOOD for the hair; deep,
penetrating brushing with a Nylon Bristled
FORTUNE Brush is extra-GOOD, because
it massages the scalp as it restores the living
lustre to the hair. Give FORTUNE
Brushware to your family and friends this
Christmas—your gifts will be acclaimed
by all.

Give the Menfolk
FORTUNE brushes too.

Sturdy, handsome, with stiff, crisp,
penetrative Nylon bristles to stimu-
late and massage the scalp. Crystal
and colored backs.

Each 16/3



Give the FORTUNE
"Boudoir"
brush . . . 16/6

Modern oval style. Fashioned with extra
long pure Nylon bristles. Clear crystal,
delicate pink or palest blue backs.

Give the FORTUNE
"Salon"
brush . . . 13/6

The style used professionally by smart
hairdressers. Bristles are extremely pene-
trative pure Nylon. Clear crystal, delicate
pink or palest blue backs.



Give
FORTUNE
Shaving Brushes

Attractive two-piece
bathroom-matching
handles and special
weight all pure
Nylon bristles.
from . . . 16/6



Give the
FORTUNE
Clothes brush

Streamlined, matchless in its
perfection and efficiency. Clear
crystal back, special pure Nylon
FORTUNE CLOTHES BRUSH
bristles. 16/3



Give FORTUNE Complexion, Bath and "Mini" Brushes



Give FORTUNE Complexion Brushes! Nothing is
so nice, so good as so hygienic for cleansing the
skin of the face. Super-soft pure Nylon . . . 1/6

Give FORTUNE "Mini" Brushes—just the thing
for handbag and travelling kit—clear crystal and
fascinating pastel shaded backs and handles—
exceedingly moderate prices.
'Mini' Hair Brushes, 7/3. 'Mini' Clothes Whisks, 3/-



Give the latest FORTUNE introduction; the FORTUNE BATH
BRUSH . . . truly delightful to use; its special soft Nylon tufts
heighten circulation and make you glow all over with comfortable
satisfaction Each 26/-

Every Store, Every Chemist, Every Jeweller
can show you, ———— Delightful — to — use

Fortune

BRUSHWARE

it's definitely NOT EXPENSIVE
————— just look at the prices

*Prices are for State of Manufacture—prices in distant areas may be slightly higher.

MADE SPECIALLY FOR AND DISTRIBUTED TO THE WHOLESALE TRADE BY LEADER LTD., ADELAIDE



PAGE-BOB
(front view) . . .
the versatile
fringe shown in
this forehead
angle still makes
style news. Cut
follows oval line
across two-thirds
of forehead, as a
continuation of
the heavy side of
the hair.



ANOTHER angle
of page-bob . . .
a loose, flattering
silhouette with
three-quarter
peek of ears, and
sleek, curled
under back, ideal for
young matrons
and girls who
have little time to
spend on hair set-
ting, and an al-
ternative to short-
cropped hair.

Shadow Waves Three Chic Styles

SHADOW permanent waving is used in each of these new-season hair styles created by stylist Rene Henri.

He has evolved basic designs for three personalities—the young matron, the sophisticated glamor type, and the outdoor girl.

Shadow perming, a new waving method, is the answer for women who want only a minimum of curl in the hair. Some hair-do's waved in this way put themselves right in the fashion picture by appearing almost straight, but retain enough "kink" to hold shape.

The urchin cut, a popular Paris style, is the most interesting suggestion for outdoor smartness, comfort, and convenience.—Carolyn Earle.



SO PHISTICATE
... for formal
evening occasions.
After a shadow
perming, the hair
is cut in an up-
swept line with
contrasting pro-
files to comple-
ment new side-tilt
hats. Side shown
mounts to a bang
of cockscomb
curls, while the
other accentuates
classic simplicity.
Short swathed
back effects a
union of the con-
trasts.

URCHIN
ideal for outdoor
girl, chic cut is
shadow permed,
but does not re-
quire setting.
When washed,
hair dries natu-
rally into shape
and only needs
combing for
instant grooming.
Never becomes
unmanageable, or
falls over eyes,
because it is cut
to mould natu-
rally into head
shape.



The beauty care that really works!

*"Active
lather facials
with
LUX TOILET
SOAP leave
skin softer,
smoother"*

says

Linda Darnell
20th Century-Fox star of
"Slattery's Hurricane"

Give your complexion the same luxurious care as Linda Darnell . . . daily facials with pure white Lux Toilet Soap's famous beauty lather. "I work Lux Toilet Soap's creamy lather in gently but thoroughly," says Linda. "Then I rinse with warm water, splash with cold — pat gently to dry with a soft towel. You'll find gentle active lather facials give skin fresh new beauty that wins romance."

**The Bath and
Complexion Care of
9 out of every 10
Film Stars**



Hollywood Salad

— A KRAFT BARGAIN IN NUTRITION



Kraft Hollywood Salad

Shredded lettuce; Kraft Mayonnaise; 6 ozs. Kraft Cheese; 3 hard cooked eggs; dash of cayenne; 1 tomato; radishes, gherkins; dessertspoon wine or vinegar.

Grate cheese very finely and mix to a paste with the wine or vinegar and a little cayenne. Squeeze onto a salad plate as shown with a cake decorator. Cut eggs in half lengthwise. Dust lightly with cayenne and set on tomato slices as shown. Surround eggs with sliced gherkin and radish flowers. Set a small bowl of mayonnaise in the centre and surround with shredded lettuce.

The secret of this salad's success is the combination of mellow Kraft Cheese and smooth Kraft Mayonnaise — a delightful blend of unique flavours.



"Check these 3 important reasons why

Kraft Cheese is a Bargain in Nutrition"

says ELIZABETH COOKE



1. FOOD VALUE! Kraft Cheese is an unequalled source of calcium, phosphorus, vitamins A, B₂ and D and other nutrients of milk. Kraft Cheese contains more high quality protein weight for weight than fresh meat — more calcium than fresh cream.

2. ECONOMY! Kraft Cheese is *all* cheese. There is no rind on Kraft Cheese, therefore there is no waste whatever. The

mellow freshness of Kraft Cheese is protected to the last golden slice by a hygienic foil wrapper.

3. UNVARYING QUALITY! Both the 8 ounce and 4 ounce packets contain the same delicious cheese. The creamy smooth texture, the freshness, and true cheddar flavour of Kraft Cheese is *always* the same. Use Kraft Cheese for salads, sandwiches and main course dishes.

Ask for **KRAFT CHEESE**
it tastes better because it's **BLENDED BETTER**

Available in 8 oz. and 4 oz. cartons

• Here are recipes for delicious cold summer sweets, full of nourishment in the form of milk and eggs, and with a tantalising fruit flavor.

PACKAGED jelly crystals are an inexpensive and extremely useful item for concocting light summer sweets; there are so many ways of using them with other ingredients to provide something new and interesting for the sweet course.

Some of the recipes on this page require jelly crystals; others call for gelatine. When gelatine is used careful measuring is important. Use exactly the quantity stated in the recipe, and remember all spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

Too much gelatine makes a tough, leathery jelly; too little will result in a "runny" mixture.

Gelatine should never be added to very hot milk. It will curdle.

Special care is necessary when combining pineapple with gelatine. Raw pineapple prevents gelatine mixtures setting. Always cook the pineapple in sugar and water syrup before using. Canned or bottled pineapple gives satisfactory results because it has been partly cooked in the canning or bottling process.

LEMON CASTLES WITH STRAWBERRIES

One packet lemon jelly crystals, 2 cups hot water, 1 egg-white, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup desiccated coconut, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, whole strawberries, whipped cream or cream substitute to decorate.

Place jelly crystals in basin, add hot water. Stir until dissolved, allow to cool. Beat egg-white stiffly with pinch salt. When jelly is quite cold and beginning to thicken beat over bowl of crushed ice or iced water until very light and spongy. Fold in lemon rind, coconut, and stiffly beaten egg-white. Fill into individual moulds rinsed with cold water.



Cold Sweets

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

Chill until set. Unmould on to serving platter. Pipe or spoon whipped cream or substitute (sweetened and flavored with vanilla) on top of each. Pile strawberries around and between lemon castles. If desired, strawberries may be dusted with castor sugar.

ORANGE CREAM SOUFFLE

One packet orange jelly crystals, 1 cup boiling water, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ tin sweetened condensed milk, 1 cup orange juice, 1 egg-white, orange sections, castor sugar, green leaves to decorate.

Prepare individual-size moulds in the following manner: Place a band of greaseproof paper around outside of each mould extending 2 in. above top edge of mould. Grease inside of mould and inside surface of paper. Pin or secure paper with rubber band. Dissolve gelatine and jelly crystals in the boiling water. Add orange juice and allow to cool. When beginning to thicken stir in condensed milk and whip until mixture

becomes light and spongy. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white, continue beating until mixture is very thick. Pour quickly into prepared moulds, chill until set. Moulds should be filled until mixture comes half-way up the paper band. When ready to serve wipe outside of paper band with cloth wrung out of hot water, carefully peel off paper. Decorate top of each souffle with orange sections, dipped in castor sugar, and green leaves. Serve souffles on small plates with finger biscuits if desired.

MILK JELLY RING WITH FRUIT SALAD

Five dessertspoons gelatine, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups hot water, 5 tablespoons powdered milk, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups fresh milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 dessertspoons condensed milk, 3 dessertspoons sugar, prepared fruit salad, strawberries and cream (fresh or substitute) to decorate.

Dissolve gelatine in the hot water, add powdered milk, whip until well

mixed. Add fresh milk, vanilla, condensed milk and sugar. Stir until well mixed. Pour into wetted ring mould, chill until set. Coloring may be added if desired. Unmould on to serving platter, fill centre with fruit salad, decorate with cream and strawberries. Extra fruit salad may be prepared and served in separate bowl.

PEACH CREAM CELESTIAL

Three dessertspoons margarine or butter, 4 dessertspoons flour, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 1 egg, few drops almond essence, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups diced peaches (home cooked or tinned), 2 dessertspoons gelatine dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot peach syrup or water, whole peach halves, cream and cherries to decorate.

Melt margarine or butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without allowing to brown. Add milk and sugar, stir until boiling. Cool slightly, add egg-yolk and almond essence, diced peaches and dissolved gelatine. When beginning to thicken, fold in

ICY COLD fruit-flavored sweets are just the thing for summer dinner menus. Illustrated above are pineapple snow tart, peach cream celestial, orange cream souffles, lemon castles, and milk jelly ring with fruit salad.

stiffly beaten egg-white. Fill into wetted mould, chill until set. Unmould on to serving-dish, decorate with peach halves, cream or cream substitute, and cherries.

PASSIONFRUIT CUSTARD CREAM

Two tablespoons margarine or butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, pulp of 3 passionfruit, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 4 tablespoons self-raising flour.

Cream margarine or butter in slightly warmed basin until soft and smooth. Gradually add sugar, lemon rind and juice. Continue beating until well mixed, add egg-yolks and beat well. Add passionfruit pulp, then milk alternately with sifted flour. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into greased ovenware dish, stand in dish of hot water. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate, continue cooking until set, 20 to 30 minutes. Allow to become quite cold, then chill before serving.

PINEAPPLE SNOW TART

Biscuit Pastry: Four ounces self-raising flour, 4oz. plain flour, pinch salt, 4oz. margarine, butter, or other good shortening, 3 dessertspoons sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 2 to 3 tablespoons milk.

Sift flours with salt, rub in short-

ening until mixture resembles bread-crumbs. Add sugar. Mix to a dry dough with beaten egg-yolk and milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly. Roll to approximately $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness. Cut to fit 9 in. tart plate. Line plate, pinch a frill around edges, prick base and sides well with a fork to prevent bubbling during cooking. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 12 to 15 minutes. Allow to become quite cold before filling.

Pineapple Snow Filling: Half-cup pineapple syrup (from cooked or tinned pineapple) or water, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ dessertspoons gelatine, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups shredded cooked or tinned pineapple, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, cherries and pineapple wedges to decorate.

Cook beaten egg-yolks, salt, lemon rind, and half the sugar for 10 minutes over boiling water, stirring continuously. Add gelatine dissolved in warmed pineapple syrup or water. Stir while cooling over bowl of ice or iced water. Fold in shredded pineapple and coconut, and lastly egg-whites beaten stiffly with balance of sugar. When beginning to thicken pile into cold pastry case, chill until set. Decorate with pineapple wedges and cherries. Serve with whipped cream or cream substitute topped with chopped nuts.

- FOR SANDWICHES
- FOR SAVOURIES
- FOR SUPPERS

Swift

MEAT SPREADS

IN Delightful Varieties



GROCER SAM



Swift products are ALWAYS good

The answer to the busy housewife's prayer—variety, tastiness, nourishment and a favourite with all the family. SWIFT Meat Spreads are so appetising, especially when spread on thickly. They provide the nourishment to keep your family healthy and happy and there is never any doubt that their eyes will shine when SWIFT Meat Spreads are on the menu.

My family's standby in case of - STOMACH TROUBLE



Her happy family eat what they like, when they like, without any fears of after-meals misery. There's a tin of De Witt's Antacid Powder in the house! Any signs of indigestion, heartburn, flatulence or stomach trouble are quickly relieved by this famous family standby.

The reason why De Witt's Antacid Powder brings speedy relief is because it has a three-fold action. Firstly, excess acid is immediately neutralised. Secondly, a soothing and protecting

layer is spread over the inflamed and delicate stomach lining. Thirdly, special ingredients ensure relief over a protracted period.

Get a canister of De Witt's Antacid Powder in your home right away and face all future meals with relish and confidence. For economy, ask for the giant 4/6 size of De Witt's Antacid Powder which contains two and a half times the quantity contained in the 2/6 size.

DeWitt's

ANTACID POWDER

Neutralises Acid - Soothes Stomach - Relieves Pain



ORANGE-AND-RAISIN CAKE cut into blocks is ideal for afternoon tea, supper, or for packing in lunch-boxes. Recipe wins first prize of £5.

Reader's orange cake recipe wins this week's prize

- An orange-and-raisin cake, in which a whole orange is used, wins this week's main prize of £5 . . . Now send your best recipe.

TOPPED with orange-flavored icing and orange decorettes or grated orange rind, the cake is soft, moist, and cuts smoothly.

A recipe for mayonnaise with suggestions for varying the flavor wins a consolation prize. It is a timely recipe, as this is the salad season.

Generous cash prizes are awarded each week for good home-tested recipes.

Conditions of entry are simple: Write your recipe clearly on one side of the paper only. Be sure that full name and address, including State, are on each page.

Send your entries to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

Remember, all spoon measurements should be given as level spoons.

ORANGE-AND-RAISIN CAKE

Four ounces margarine or butter, 1 cup sugar, few drops vanilla, 2 eggs, 2 cups flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon bicarb. soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup warm water, 1 cup seeded raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup walnuts, 1 whole orange (medium size), orange-flavored warm icing.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and vanilla. Add beaten eggs, mix well. Cut washed, unpeeled orange in halves, remove centre pith and seeds. Put through mincer with raisins and walnuts. Add to creamed mixture. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with warm water in which soda has been dissolved. Turn into greased 7in. cake-tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 45 to 55 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler; when cold, top with orange-flavored icing and decorate as desired.

Note: Mixture may be cooked in 9in. square lamington-tin and cut into squares as illustrated. Allow approximately 35 to 40 minutes if cooking in this way.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. P. Nicholls, Hillside, Mt. Gambier, S.A.

MAYONNAISE WITH FLAVOR VARIATIONS

Mayonnaise: Two egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup olive oil, 1 tablespoon vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 1 teaspoon tarragon vinegar.

Stir egg-yolks with wooden spoon until broken and very smooth. Add salt, pepper, and vinegar a little at a time; stir to mix well, but do not beat. Stir in oil a little at a time; continue stirring until thickened. Add mustard and tarragon vinegar. Tarragon vinegar and mustard may be omitted if desired.

Variations:

1. Cucumber Mayonnaise (for fish salads): Add 1-3rd cup finely

diced and drained cucumber to 2-3rd cup mayonnaise.

2. Chilli Mayonnaise (for mixed vegetable and fruit salads): Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chilli sauce and $\frac{1}{2}$ minced olives, plain or stuffed, to 1 cup mayonnaise.

3. Curry Mayonnaise (for lamb or fish salads): Add $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 teaspoon curry powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon very finely minced garlic to 1 cup mayonnaise.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss M. A. Nixon, "Carlisle," Ashby St., Fairfield S3, Qld.

CEREAL CRUSTED ICE-CREAM

One cup milk, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ junket tablet, 1 dessert-spoon water, 1 cup crushed breakfast cereal, 1 tablespoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, pinch nutmeg, 2 tablespoons margarine or butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream or sweetened condensed milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla.

Place milk and golden syrup in saucepan, warm to blood heat. Add crushed junket tablet dissolved in water. Pour into refrigerator tray, freeze 1 hour. Crush cereal, mix with sugar, cinnamon, orange rind, and nutmeg. Add melted margarine or butter. Press 2-3rd of mixture into a second refrigerator tray, coating sides and base. Remove ice-cream from tray, beat 7 to 10 minutes, gradually adding whipped cream or condensed milk and vanilla. Fill into cereal-lined tray, cover top with balance of cereal mixture. Return to refrigerator, freeze until firm.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. N. Butler, Beach St., Bellerive, Tas.

SAVORY VEAL WITH BANANAS

Two bananas, 1 egg, salt, pepper, small quantity fine oatmeal, bacon fat or margarine for frying, 1lb. fillet of veal, flour, 4 bacon rashers, 1 cup brown gravy, 1-3rd cup sherry.

Peel bananas, cut in halves crosswise. Dip each portion in beaten egg, roll in oatmeal seasoned with salt and pepper. Fry in small quantity hot bacon fat or margarine until golden brown. Drain. Cut veal into four thin pieces, large enough to wrap around bananas. Place piece of banana on each portion, roll up; tie with coarse thread or fine string. Coat with seasoned flour, fry until well browned in bacon fat or margarine used to fry bananas. Remove rind from 2 rashers bacon, place in bottom of casserole-dish. Pack veal rolls on top. Cover with balance of bacon, rind removed. Add gravy and sherry, cover dish. Bake in very moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400 deg. F. electric) $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ hours.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss S. Mackay, 50 Edwards St., Brighton, S.A.

INECTO

HAIR COLOURING



in 30 minutes

restores your
hair to
its natural
shade

INECTO

HAIR COLOURING
Consult your Hairdresser
or Chemist



FIT AT FIFTY!

Thousands owe their buoyant energy in middle and later life to healthy kidney action. A slowing down of kidney functioning in middle life is often a cause of backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, disturbed nights, swelling, puffiness under eyes, headaches and dizziness. Get happy relief by taking DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills, a stimulant-diuretic made to rigid standards of purity, especially to promote healthy kidney action. At Chemists and Stores all over the World.

DOAN'S

Backache Kidney Pills
Sole Proprietors: Foster-McClellan Co.
1107/1108



BABY LOVES

to revel in the delightful cream-lather of Cuticura Soap. It keeps his tender skin healthy and exquisitely soft and velvety.

One of the famous trio—Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum Powder.

Cuticura SOAP

Staisweet

The Deodorant you can trust

Staisweet

Stay as sweet as you are with

Staisweet

Holbrooks

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE



THE NEW
PROTECTIVE SEAL



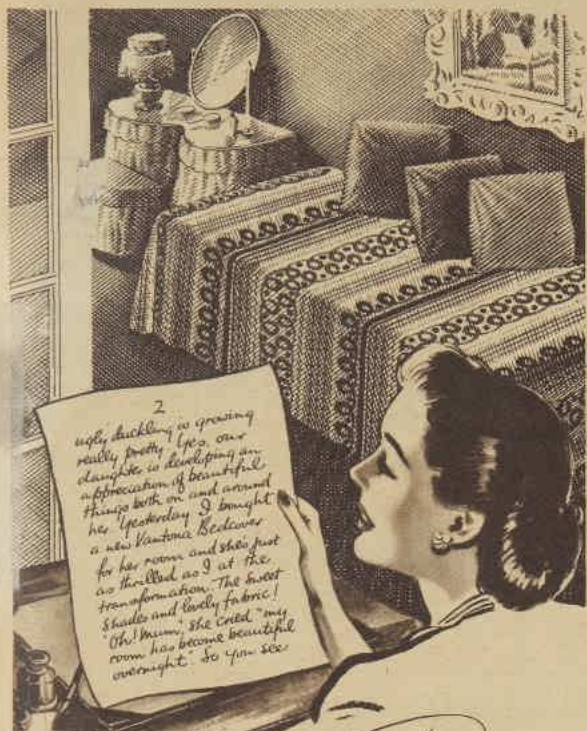
TO REMOVE SEAL, GIVE SEAL
A HALF TURN WITH SOME
DOWNWARD PRESSURE, WHEN
"TEAR DOWN" PIECE WILL LIFT
SLIGHTLY. THEN TEAR DOWN
DOTTED LINES AND REMOVE SEAL

THE WORLD'S APPETISER!

AND SO ECONOMICAL

HARRY J.
WESTON

Her room became beautiful overnight



WHY A VANTONA IS BEST FOR YOU
You need a bedcover that gives your room an air of luxury and elegance. Vantona will. You must have a bedcover that will drape smoothly day after day, without a single crease. Vantona does. One that will keep its loveliness throughout the years. Vantona gives you this and more. A Vantona Bedcover is English craftsmanship at its very highest.

VANTONA
Bedcovers

Three styles—one to suit every purse...
VANTONA COURT... VANTONA RUSTIC
VANTONA HOMESTEAD



MADE IN MANCHESTER—THE HOME OF FINE FABRICS

VA. 6A. WW82g



There they go—

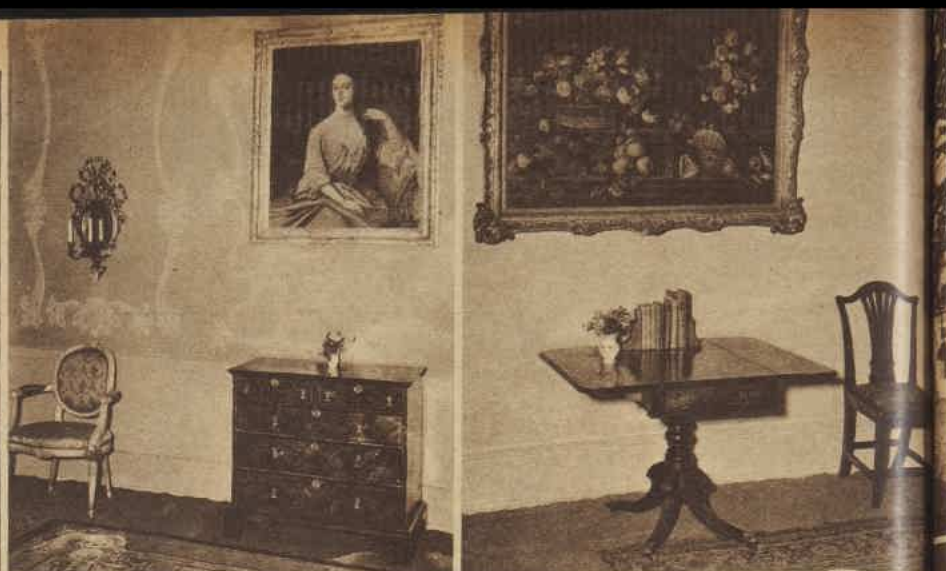
The NYLONS with the STRAIGHT SEAMS

Plaza nylons are the answer to a maiden's prayer. The ingenious seam corrector incorporated in these new, exciting, nylon sheers, enables you to check up on the straightness of your seams without twisting and turning around. Just keep the little mark in the weave above the knee always in the centre front and your seams will remain immaculately straight all day long. These sheer and superbly fashioned, Plaza nylons are now in the principal stores. Remember that all Plaza stockings are triple-tested for faults.

plaza nylons with the 'SEAM CORRECTOR'

Complete range of all ladies' hosiery obtainable in Plaza quality.

Trade enquiries: F. W. Green & Co., Pty., Limited, 20/24 Queen St., Melbourne, C.I.



GLIMPSE of the little drawing-room of author Martin Boyd's home at Berwick, Victoria, showing Louis XV rococo wall, old Italian wall mirror with candelabra, walnut chest, and Louis XVI chair.

A LAVISH Van Ael Dutch flower picture which dominates one wall of the main drawing-room. Below is a William and Mary bureau. This room runs width of house with windows framing panoramic views.

Author rejuvenates old home

By EYE GYE, Editor of our Homemaker Department

AN old brick and stone house with a corrugated-iron roof, a landmark at Berwick, Victoria, is in the process of rejuvenation.

Built in 1862 by William A'Beckett, son of the first Chief Justice of Victoria, it was taken over nine months ago by Martin Boyd, a descendant of the family, who has come from England to settle in Australia.

The present occupant is a novelist. His books include "Lucinda Brayford," and "The Montforts," which deals in part with the history of his mother's family.

Mr. Boyd has concentrated on the renovation of the inside of the old house, as pictures on these pages show; outside jobs will be done later.

The tiles that were laid in the entrance hall 87 years ago are still beautiful, and the grim Latin inscription encircling ancestral arms over the doorway is intact. Translation

is: "Unmindful of the tomb, you build houses."

Dramatic murals decorate the walls of the dining-room furnished with 18th century mahogany table, sideboard, and Hepplewhite chairs.

Here I lunched with my host on my visit. On the wall to the left of me was the mural, "The Prodigal Son," with a background of Australian gums. Facing me was another, "Susannah and the Elders."

These murals were painted in tempera by Arthur Boyd, a great grandson of the original owner.

One of the rooms which appealed to me most was the little drawing-room opening off the entrance hall. It has rococo walls, painted in Louis XV period style with a grey background.

An Aubusson carpet covers the floor, a charming 18th century Italian table in tulip wood, an English William and Mary walnut chest of drawers, Louis XVI chairs, and exquisite bric-a-brac furnish the room.



OWNER Martin Boyd and his dog in the hallway. On the far wall is another Italian wall mirror.

Backyard pineapples

● In the milder parts of Australia it is possible to grow pineapples in any patch of very fertile soil. The fruit may not be as large as those shown in the picture, but should be of reasonable size and good flavor.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

MANY Sydney folk have grown them for years against walls or fences facing north, but in every case the soil has to be rich in nitrogen and the water supply must be ample.

The writer has grown them for years in such a position and in what was once nothing but yellow sand. They were originally the tops of Queensland pines purchased from the greengrocer. These were broken off in the ordinary way, the lower leaves stripped, and the blunt ends embedded in the soil until they rooted well.

They were then transplanted to a patch of ground that had been heavily manured and soon made themselves at home. Each season they receive some sulphate of ammonia or poultry manure, which is well watered in. The plants, after three years standing still, are now growing well and should fruit next summer.

Pineapples need protection from frosts and cold winds, and will not ripen in southern districts unless afforded maximum sunlight. They are gross feeders and require regular applications of nitrogenous fertiliser.

Weeds should be rigidly controlled to afford the plants maximum moisture and nourishment. They are subject to few pests or diseases, although under garden conditions they are frequently to be found heavily infested with small snails.

Apart from their use as tropical fruits, pineapple plants are ornamental, although a trifle sharp and spiny.



THE AVERAGE CITY GARDENER cannot perhaps grow pineapples as large as these, which were grown in Queensland, but quite satisfactory fruit can be produced in any hot spot where the soil is rich and water supply good.



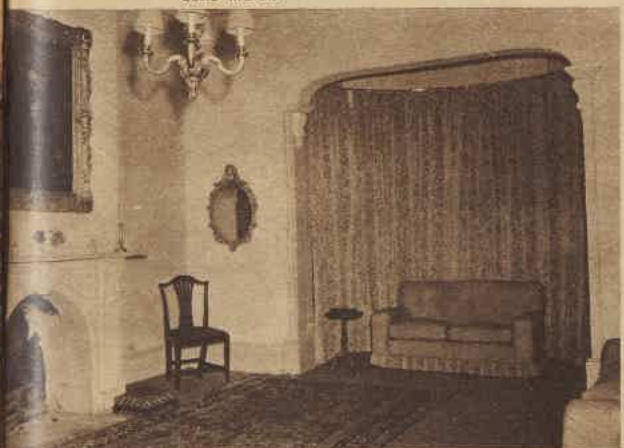
SIDE VIEW of 37-year-old home at Berwick, Victoria, showing the verandahs typical of early homesteads. Property is surrounded by lovely old trees, but lawns have to be re-made and gardens laid out and replanted.



"PRODIGAL SON," painted in tempera by Arthur Boyd, of Melbourne, decorates wall of dining-room, and other walls also carry symbolic murals.



LOOKING ALONG THE VERANDAH from the door of the study. Topping a hill, house commands extensive views of the undulating countryside.



ANOTHER VIEW of the main drawing-room. Walls are painted a pinky beige; linen chair covers and carpeting are in a deeper tone.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says . . .

WHEN washing tea-towels a little borax added to the water will loosen dirt and grease, and help to keep them a good color.

ANTS or beetles dislike borax, and if it is sprinkled about they will leave their former haunts.

IF cork mats need cleaning, gently rub with a dampened piece of pumice stone. This will remove dirt and stains, and will not injure the cork if it is not rubbed hard.

LETTUCES will keep fresh and crisp for two or three days if the root is immersed in water and the whole lettuce completely covered with a bowl.

WHEN making pastry in hot weather, fill a bottle with iced water, cork tightly, and roll the pastry with this.

FOR crispier potato chips: During cooking process, remove chips and reheat fat to smoking point.

What to expect of your one-year-old

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

IT is well to remember that there is a wide diversity in what may be termed normal in physical progress.

Although some babies can walk before they are one year old, can say a few more words, and perhaps have cut more teeth at that age than other babies, those who are slower are perfectly normal, healthy, and alert babies.

It is a good plan to know what may be expected of the average baby of one year. Birth weight is usually trebled. Baby has cut six to eight teeth.

Unless he is a heavy baby he will have been walking round a chair holding on to it, or to the side of his play-pen, and probably taking several steps by himself.

Baby's developmental stages are described in a chapter on baby's weight and progress in "You and Your Baby," by Sister Mary Jacob. A copy may be obtained by writing to The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney.

Cost of the book is 7/6 and 4/6, for postage; 6d. extra if registration is required.

Please write name and address clearly in block letters.

500 Little Mothers Wanted FOR THESE BEAUTIFUL DOLLS!

"Yvonne"



HERE'S the loveliest gift a little girl could wish for—a life-like, baby-size doll that says "Ma-Ma," shuts her pretty blue eyes, and goes to sleep—the dearest, cuddliest doll that will delight every little mother lucky enough to own one.

- "YVONNE" Doll: 30in. tall, is almost unbreakable.
- Pearly silk taffeta frock, perfectly cut, and fitted with lace and bows.
- Beautiful bonnet to match.
- Socks and real leather shoes.
- Movable arms, legs, and head.
- Long curls, dark or fair.
- She sleeps and has eyelashes.
- Cello "Ma Ma" realistically.
- Has the loveliest features.
- Undoubtedly the most gorgeous doll we have ever sold. Not many for direct sale; to avoid disappointment, post order NOW. 10/- lay-by, or £3 post free.

10/- DEPOSIT will secure a Doll for YOUR little girl!

First Release in Australia—Limited Supplies

ONLY a limited quantity of the first dolls to be received from the manufacturer are available for direct sale to the public. These dolls are of exceptional value.

"JAY" Doll:



- 18in. tall, is almost unbreakable.
- Daintily dressed in pastel silk trimmed with lace, wears undies too.
- Lovely bonnet to match.
- Wears real leather shoes.
- Shoulder-length curls, dark or fair.
- Shuts her pretty eyes and sleeps.
- Says "Ma Ma."
- Has a lovely face.
- Amazing value for the price, limited stocks only. A really beautiful doll for 10/- lay-by, or £2/2/6 post free.

Satisfaction or MONEY BACK

World Wide Mail Order Pty. Ltd.,
Dept. 28, 24 Clarence St., Sydney.

I enclose . . .

It is understood that if I am not thoroughly satisfied I can return the doll (dolls) and have the purchase price refunded in full without question.

Name . . .

Address . . .

Send C.O.D. ☐

THESE DO EVEN MORE THAN MAKE YOUR HAIR SHINY, RADIANT, SILKY, LUSTROUS

Sta-blond & Brunitex "MAKE-UP"
Shampoos give that extra touch to your hair that a little "make-up" gives to your face



—because they enrich the natural colour of your hair 4-6 shades. Sta-blond makes darkened hair and mousy hair lighter in colour, more radiant. Brunitex gives dull, dark hair richer colour. They stop dry scalp, remove dandruff, leave your hair soft, easy to manage. Try Sta-blond or Brunitex to-day.



NEW! now available in LIQUIDS, too, if you prefer!



STA-BLOND & BRUNITEX

(FOR FAIR-HEADS)

(FOR BRUNETTES)

S.B.17

MAKE YOU PRETTIER



Depressed?

I'm as fit as a fiddle!

"Thank goodness—and thanks to 'Sanatogen' . . . those nervy days and nights have passed away. Listlessness, depression and irritability have left me and now I'm feeling grand!"

"SANATOGEN", AT ALL CHEMISTS, 4/9, 8/1, 15/3.

Start a course of 'SANATOGEN'

NERVE TONIC FOOD

The only tonic which restores the protein and organic phosphorus your system needs.

SENGER-SANATOGAN PTY. LTD.,
72 RESERVOIR STREET, SYDNEY

5N.22.8



In every home
the soap that
suits them all...

Refreshing **LIFEBUOY**

ANOTHER DAY AWAY
TO A GOOD START!
REFRESHING LIFEBUOY,
WITH ITS SPECIAL HEALTH
INGREDIENT, KEEPS ME
SAFE FROM "B.O."



IT'S WONDERFUL TO FEEL
SURE ABOUT DAINTINESS ALL DAY,
NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS ...
AND I CAN WHEN I'VE HAD
A LIFEBUOY SHOWER



MUM SAYS WE MUST
ALWAYS GUARD AGAINST
THE DANGERS IN DIRT WITH
A LIFEBUOY WASH BEFORE
WE SIT DOWN TO TEA



I'LL NEVER TIRE
OF SINGING LIFEBUOY'S
PRAISES. IT'S THE ONE SOAP
THAT SUITS THE WHOLE
FAMILY



The hotter the weather... the more you need Lifebuoy



Fashion PATTERNS

F5727.—Beach ensemble includes a two-piece swimsuit and button-on beach dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material for swimsuit, and 4yds. 36in. material for dress. Price 2/8.

F5728.—Attractive one-piece tennis dress designed for action. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

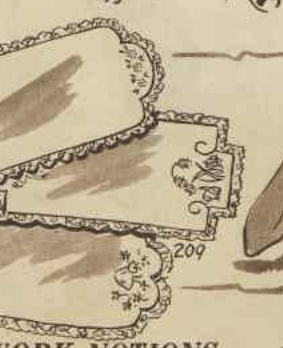
F5729.—Infant's panties. Size infants. Requires ¼yd. 36in. material. Price 1/8.

F5730.—Softly styled one-piece with twin pockets on the flared skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

F5731.—Classic suit with short-sleeved jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 2/4.

F5732.—A pretty one-piece dress with unusual tucked bodice treatment. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

• To Order: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on Page 37.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 206—BOY'S SUIT

This little boy's smart suit is cut out ready to sew in beige, lemon, green, and sage-blue British headcloth. The pants have a fly-front and shoulder-straps for wear as a sunsuit.

Sizes: Length 18in., 2yrs., 6/11. Regd. postage 10½d. extra. Length 19in., 3yrs., 7/3. Regd. postage 11½d. extra. Length 20in., 4yrs., 7/11. Regd. postage 1/1 extra. Length 23in., 5-6yrs., 8/6. Regd. postage 1/3 extra.

Nos. 207, 208—SUNSUIT AND SUNFROCK WITH HAT

Delightfully fresh and cool for tiny tots' summer wear, the sunsuit, frock, and Bo-peep bonnet are cut out ready to sew in French gingham in pastel checks of blue, pink, and green.

Sizes: Length 18in., 2yrs., frock or sunsuit 7/3, hat 2/11, complete set 9/9. Length 19in., 3yrs., frock or sunsuit 7/11, hat 2/11, complete set 10/3. Length 20in., 4yrs., frock or sunsuit 8/6, hat 3/3, complete set 11/3. Length 23in., 5-6yrs., frock or sunsuit 9/3, hat 3/3, complete set 12/6.

Postage: Frock or sunsuit, 2yrs., regd. postage 1/- extra; 3yrs., regd. postage 1/1 extra; 4yrs., 5-6yrs., regd. postage 1/3 extra. Hat, all ages, 3½d. postage

extra. Complete set 2yrs., regd. postage 1/3 extra; 3yrs., regd. postage 1/4 extra; 4yrs., 5-6yrs., regd. postage 1/6 extra.

No. 209—D'OYLEYS

These three pretty d'oyleys, measuring 5in. x 11in., are traced ready to embroider on cream heavy linen, also sheer linen in shades of maize, sky, pink, green, and light blue, and organdie in shades of white, blue, pink, lemon, and green. Finish with a narrow lace edging (lace not supplied).

Price: Linen 1/- each, or set of three, 2/9. Organdie 9d. each, or set of three 2/6. Postage 3½d. extra.

No. 210—BLOUSE

Cut out and ready to sew, this blouse has a becoming double collar and turned-back cuffs. The material is a sheer linen in shades of white, maize, blue, pink, and green, or a rayon crepe-de-chine in pastel pink, blue, and white.

Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust, linen 26/3, rayon crepe-de-chine 21/3. Postage 1/3 extra.

When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 206, 207, 208, 209, and 210, please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted.

Camilatone

with the S.R.S. Beauty Treatment

For Lovelier Hair
Individually Yours

Shampoo

First step in your individual colour Camilatone Shampoo. Vitamin-charged, Camilatone cleanses and invigorates both hair and scalp without harsh drying action.

Rinse

with the Tonic hair-colour rinse supplied in every packet of Camilatone. Tonic brings light and life to your hair and by subtly defining its natural colour gives enhanced hair loveliness. Extra packets of Tonic in your individual shade also available.

Set

with Lustrat—day-long loveliness for your hair with this beautifier and setting cream. Lustrat leaves a silkier sheen, makes brilliantine unnecessary.

Camilatone

Individual Hair Treatment
For Lovelier Hair
At Chemists, Stores, Ladies' Hairdressers.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS

Simple Home Treatment

Banish unsightly hairs with the aid of "Vanix." Firstly obtain a bottle of "Vanix" and follow the simple directions. After the first few applications the hairs will become less and less noticeable, then will gradually wither as the

"VANIX"

penetrates deeper and deeper into the hair tissues. Finally the devastating effects of "VANIX" will destroy the hairs permanently.

Obtainable, price 3/11 a bottle (Posted 4/6), from Hallisms Pty. Ltd., 210 George St., Sydney, and all Branches; Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; Swift's Pharmacy, 370 Little Collins St., Melb.; and Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 57B Rundle St., Adelaide.

Asthma-Bronchitis Congestion Dissolved— Coughing, Choking Stopped

Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, ruin your health and weaken your heart. Quickly Mendaco—the prescription of a famous doctor—circulates through the blood, quickly curing the attacks. The very first day the strangling congestion is dissolved, thus giving free, easy breathing and restful sleep. No dopes, no smokes, no injections. Just take pleasant, tasteless Mendaco tablets at meals and be entirely free from Asthma and Bronchitis in next to no time, even though you may have suffered for years. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to completely satisfy or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco

Arrests Asthma ★ Bronchitis ★ Hay Fever

CAREERS FOR GIRLS AND LADIES!

Here is YOUR opportunity to study for a Worth-while Career for Yourself. STOTT'S can prepare you—successfully—in the privacy of YOUR OWN HOME. Without any obligation whatsoever, SEND THE COUPON for particulars of these or any other Courses:

Shorthand, Typing	Handwriting
Bookkeeping (Farm Station, Mcanille)	General Education
Shire Clerks'	Nurses' Entrance
Accountancy	Commercial Art
Story Writing	Dressmaking and Designing
Journalism (Fiance)	University Exams.
Advertisement Wtg.	Stenography
Showcards, Tickets	Engineering (Diesel Motor, Radio, etc.)
Dairy Farming	Draftsmanship
English, Arithmetic	

Stott's Correspondence College

100 Russell St., Melb.; 149 Castlereagh St., Sydney; 298 Adelaide St., Brisbane; 31 Grenfell St., Adelaide.

Mail This Coupon. Cut Here

To STOTT'S (nearest Address, see list.) I should like details of your course/s in

MY NAME

ADDRESS

A W W 2149 AGE

"This floor will
probably outlive the
house . . . and it's
saving us money too"

MR. HOME MAKER: "You fellows are doing the fastest flooring job I've ever seen!"

CARPENTER: "You can thank Masonite for that. By using these large easily-handled sheets, the job takes only a matter of hours."

MR. HOME MAKER: "That makes it far cheaper for me!"

MRS. HOME MAKER: "How, Bill?"

MR. HOME MAKER: "Well, in the first place, there's the low price of Masonite itself. Then, because it's so quick and easy to fix, it cuts down working costs."

MRS. HOME MAKER: "I see. But, tell me, is this the same kind of Masonite we're using for the panelling and built-in cupboards?"

CARPENTER: "No, ma'am. This is Masonite Tempered Presdwood."

MR. HOME MAKER: "What's the difference, exactly?"

CARPENTER: "Well, Tempered Presdwood is standard Masonite Presdwood that's been specially heat-treated with oils."

MR. HOME MAKER: "What's the advantage of that?"

CARPENTER: "It makes it water-resistant, and even tougher and stronger than the standard Presdwood."

MRS. HOME MAKER: "How can I keep the floor in good condition?"

CARPENTER: "First of all, you work up an even, glossy finish with the special Masonite Floor Polish. Then it only needs brightening up occasionally with a damp mop, and a re-polish about once a month. And believe me, with this simple care, Masonite makes just about the best-looking floor you've ever seen."

SORRY . . . but in spite of tripled production, you may still find it difficult to obtain all the Masonite you require.

MASONITE CORPORATION (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED

SALES DIVISION:

9 Pitt Street, SYDNEY • 533 Collins Street, MELBOURNE
2 Queen Street, BRISBANE • 31 Chesser Street, ADELAIDE



The Building Material that's still cheaper than Pre-War

MASONITE BOARDS ARE NOW BEING PRODUCED
IN A RANGE TO SUIT ALL PURPOSES . . .

PRESWOOD for panelling cupboards, furniture and interior work generally.
TEMPERED PRESWOOD for floors, table-tops and exteriors.
TEMPRTILE for bathrooms, kitchens and all places where ceramic tiling would normally be used.
PRIMECOTE—which is standard Presdwood factory-treated with a base coat to save time and money in painting.
CONCRETE FORM BOARD for better concrete forming.
TERMITE-RESISTANT BOARD for use in areas where white ant infestation is particularly severe.